

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## Omens.

In a practical, utilitarian age, when mankind pride themselves upon being able to give reasons, whether true or false, for everything, the belief in omens naturally grows faint. Every schoolboy can rattle off the supposed causes of all the changes of nature; and the celestial phenomena that struck terror into the hearts of the ancient world,

"And with fear of change perplexing monarchs," we look at through smoked glasses, and merely exclaim, "How beautiful!" or "How strange!"

In truth, the very essence of an omen as bearing a relation to human events, is impaired the very moment we can explain it, and thus comets, eclipses and meteors have lost for our modern civilization the terrors they formerly possessed, simply because we know when they are coming, and in a general way how they are caused.

We need not, however, be too ready to plume ourselves upon having outgrown all superstition on this subject. No sensible person would incur the derision of his friends by connecting the portentous comet of 1858, which

hung so long like a flaming sword over our hemisphere, with our civil war that followed so soon after. But there is not an inconsiderable number of such persons who would object to sitting down with exactly thirteen to dinner, and it is not among old women alone that spilling salt is considered unlucky. Perhaps an earthquake is not a sign of Divine wrath, but among those who deny this there are not a few who think Friday unlucky, and refuse to begin any important work on that day.

It cannot be denied that a part of the popular belief in omens, traceable more in every-

day social life than in the interpretation of natural phenomena, is derived from the religious lessons of our youth. This is not the place to enter into a theological discussion, but we may be permitted to point out how difficult it is to instill into the minds of the young an implicit faith in the Divine truths of the Bible, and at the same time to guard against the reception as truth of those beliefs which the Jews held in common with the ancient nations, and which we now regard as superstitions in all alike. How hard it is to teach that augurs and soothsayers among the Romans deluded the peo-



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ple and were self-deluded themselves, and yet not to admit that the Jews, in interpreting the phenomena of nature as signs of Divine favor, or Divine wrath, were not equally deceiving themselves. It was a higher teaching that inculcated the truth that God's sun shines alike upon the just and upon the unjust, and that the eighteen upon whom the tower of Siloam fell were not sinners above all other men, nor singled out as the victims of a special vengeance, though even in these days children are taught that accidents to Sunday excursionists are signs of God's wrath, and are sent as direct punishments for breaking the Sabbath.

But if signs and portents could, by any modification of our ordinary modes of thought, be considered as conveying lessons of warning, we have lately had them in abundance in regard to our new territorial possessions. The recent acquisition of our extreme north-west territory, known only as yet by a barbarous name which sounds like a Yankee peddler hailing our friend and ally, "Wall-Russia," was ushered in by a storm, the like of which was almost unknown in those high latitudes. Again, while negotiations were only in progress for the purchase of St. Thomas, a cyclone swept through it. As if to give us warning of its value as a naval station, four of the finest steamers of the West India mail service were totally lost, or dashed on shore, and of other shipping in the harbor, what was not destroyed was seriously damaged. A nice place truly for our navy, where no anchors can hold, and the strongest moorings are but as packthread before the blast of the tornado! But "our astute Secretary of State," as it is in the newspaper fashion to call Mr. Seward, sees nothing in all this but an ordinary example of the law of storms. He is not superstitious—not he—and nature prepares another lesson as to what her hidden forces can effect. The *Susquehanna* war-steamer was dispatched with a Commissioner to ascertain the wishes of the inhabitants, and to receive the transfer of the island. What followed we learn by the cable from Havana, dated the 4th of December, and though doubts as to its correctness may be entertained, on the double ground that a Spanish Commissioner is said to have arrived to deliver up the island—whereas the island belongs to Denmark and not to Spain—and the cable has once before sent very false intelligence as to the total submersion of the island of Tortola, there seems no good ground to impeach the accuracy of the dispatch we are now considering. On her way to St. Thomas, the *Susquehanna* was called upon to aid the crews of the war-steamer *Monongahela* and *De Soto*—the former of which was tossed ashore on the wharf at St. Croix. This, however, is child's play, compared with what was encountered at St. Thomas, and it is not to be wondered at that such an ill-omened place has been abandoned as a rendezvous by the West India Mail Steamers, which, we learn, are hereafter to make Kingston, Jamaica, their station.

"Forty-seven shocks of earthquake—almost continuous—were felt at St. Thomas, one enduring for the space of two minutes.

"The sea rose sixty feet, and the city was almost completely submerged. The losses of life and merchandise are enormous.

"The inhabitants, who are for the most part houseless, have fled to the mountains, and almost all of them desire to emigrate from the place.

"The steamship *La Platte*, the only vessel which left the island since the calamity, left 150 persons behind for want of accommodation, all of whom wanted to go on board to get away.

"The island is insolvent, and all the trading firms have abandoned it.

"There is no coal on the wharves, and it is only after most laborious work that steamers can be got ready for sea.

"At Saba a horrible volcano has burned almost everything to ashes."

What a charming acquisition for the United States at the moderate price of seven millions and a half in gold! Only feeble minds, however, can be overawed by such prodigies. Others may see in them the agitations of nature at the approach of the majesty of United States domination; while plain folks like ourselves, without attaching any supernatural meanings to such a cataclysm, argue from it that St. Thomas is a very good place to be avoided.

It is very gratifying to know that these misfortunes only incline the hearts of the St. Thomasians toward us, for we are told, in the concluding paragraph of the telegram:

"The entire population of the island approve of the cession to the United States."

Surely these brave spirits—white, black, and gray for aught we know—who steadfastly resist the powers of the typhoon and the earthquake, deserve to be made our fellow-citizens, and we hope they will find in the power of voting for delegates to Congress some compensation for the calamities they have just passed through. Still, for all that, we think that \$7,500,000 might be better expended than in buying a fair chance of seeing a fine United States fleet some day totally destroyed. Our institutions may be a great boon to all enjoying them, but they can be of no more avail against an earthquake than Dame Partington's mop was in keeping back the Atlantic Ocean.

The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation, the fool when he gains that of others.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 28, 1857.

NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

### Our Principles.

"I WOULD reduce the rate of taxation to the lowest point that would defray the expenses of the Government, economically administered, and pay the interest and maturing obligations, and leave the principal of the bonded debt to be discharged in other and better times."—*Senator Morton.*

"In the passage by Congress of a bill by two-thirds majority over a Presidential veto, the Executive power is constitutionally annihilated on that subject, and the President has no longer a right, for any reason, to interpose an obstacle to the administration of the law."—*Gov. Boutwell.*

"Under no circumstance shall the credit of the Nation or State be injured by wrongful tampering with public obligations, nor shall the name of the Republic ever be dishonored by the slightest deviation from the path of financial integrity."—*Republican Convention of New-York.*

"Let our laws and our institutions speak not of white men, not of red men, not of black men, not of men of any complexion; but like the laws of God—the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer—let them speak of the people."—*Horace Mann.*

### Retrenchment or Bankruptcy.

WE are complaining of the burdens of taxation, and there are some people mad enough to talk of repudiation, or its equivalent, in order to lighten them. And yet there is an easy and proper way to make them less onerous. Let the different departments of government follow the example set by General Grant in his administration of the War Office. He has abolished abuses that grew up during the war, lopped off the hangers-on of the army, dispensed with sinecure offices, and, in one way and another, it is said, effected a saving of at least ten millions a year in the Military Department, without in any way affecting its efficiency. Is it not time that retrenchment became the rule in other departments? The purchase of Walrusia, besides taking \$10,000,000 in greenbacks from the treasury to start with, involves an annual cost in interest on the purchase money of \$750,000, to say nothing of the salaries of territorial officers, the cost of garrisons, and of keeping up light-houses and other establishments. The cost of the hurricanes and earthquakes that it is proposed to buy in the West Indies, would be equal in amount at the outset, and much greater annually. The State Department in carrying out these two follies alone (if they come to be consummated), will entail an annual burden of from six to ten millions on our already overtaxed people. Instead of reduction and retrenchment, therefore, we find here the very contrast of the policy pursued by General Grant. In useless consulates and ridiculous missions, we are spending, or rather wasting, heavy sums. What can be more absurd than keeping up five resident ministers in the five "one-horse" so-called republics of Central America, with a collective population of less than half the State of New York? We are paying \$7,500 a year, besides other costs, in supporting an idler in the capital of Costa Rica, which great power numbers about half the population of Brooklyn! And we have another representative of our national dignity and interests in the interior South American State of Bolivia, in which there is not a single American resident, and with which our whole commerce does not equal in value half the salary of our minister!

The fact is, that the savings that might be effected in the several departments of the Government would constitute an adequate sinking fund for the payment of our public debt, and lighten our annual tax by fifty millions of dollars. Our people need this relief, and it is not to be had in any other way. And we base our advocacy of General Grant for President, not alone on his consistent patriotism and undoubted ability, but in a very great degree on the evidence he has already afforded us that he will conduct the Government economically. The best way to silence and destroy the demagogues that are corrupting the public morals, and damaging the national credit with schemes of repudiation, is to bring down the public burdens to the capacity of the people to bear them. That done, the swindler and repudiator will be deprived of the material to work on, and the nation saved from the disgrace which even the suggestion of evading the public obligations must entail.

### The New York Convention.

If the public had not lost all patience with the New York Constitutional Convention, and if its proceedings had not long ago ceased to command the slightest public interest, we might feel disposed to discuss, from time to time, the measures before it or on which it has acted. But it is a foregone conclusion that its "Amended Constitution" will be

ignominiously rejected, and the press does not care to cumber its columns with dead matter.

A spirited attempt to rouse the public interest was made last week by the wretched reporters who are obliged to attend the sittings of the Convention, and whose "able reports" are so often sent into the waste basket or "crowded out" by something of which the people care to hear. But the attempt did not have much success. Yet the matter was one in which the people ought to take an interest, since it involves their "lives and fortunes" if not "their sacred honor." It was concerning the Judiciary, and specially relating to the article fixing the tenure of office of judges. The unhealthy influence of the present system of choosing judges by popular election, and for short terms, is too patent to need remark, especially in this city. The proposition before the Convention was to make the term for life or until the incumbent reached the age of seventy years. On this, we are told, both Judge Daly and Mr. Evarts made powerful speeches, in favor, of course, of the proposition or amendment. These gentlemen are members of the Convention, although attending, with exemplary diligence, to their judicial and legal duties and interests in New York. We are not told if, after their "powerful appeals" and the display of their "irresistible logic," they remained in Albany long enough to vote on the amendment, or of the fate of which we remain in profound ignorance.

It seems that the Constitutional Convention might distinguish itself a little, and gain some eclat, by an ordinance that its members, elected to make a new organic law, shall devote their time to that special work, and give it a serious attention. As the Convention in Albany is going on, it is bringing the plan of fixed conventions into contempt, and wasting its own time and the people's money and patience. Its slipshod work is already sure of being rejected, as it ought to be.

### A Nice Place for a Naval Station.

HURRICANES are common in all the West Indies, but especially numerous and destructive in St. Thomas. The island was almost desolated by them in 1713, 1738, 1742, 1772, 1793, 1819, and 1837. Other severe ones occurred in the intervening years, but were less violent. It would appear, therefore, that the island may be expected to be "cleaned out" once in about every twenty years.

The Government of St. Thomas, many years back, and with reference to these visitations, appointed the 25th of July as a day of fasting and prayer, for then the "hurricane season" commences, and fixed October 25th as a day of thanksgiving, for then the season ends.

Of the fearful force of the hurricane of 1837, we can form some notion from the following extract from the log-book of the steamer *Spey*:

"SUNDAY, AUGUST 6TH, 1837.—Came to anchor in St. Thomas harbor, and landed the mails. Here the hurricane of the 2d appeared to have concentrated all its force, power and fury, for the harbor and town were a scene that baffles all description. Thirty-six ships and vessels totally wrecked all around the harbor, among which about a dozen had capsized or sunk at their anchors; some rode it out by cutting away their masts, and upward of 100 seamen were drowned. The harbor is so choked with wrecks and sunken vessels, that it is difficult to pick out a berth for a ship to anchor. The destructive powers of this hurricane will never be forgotten. The fort at the entrance of the harbor is leveled with the foundation, and the 24-pounders thrown down. It looks as if it had been battered to pieces by cannon-shot. No place, *Albino*, has suffered so much from hurricanes, in the all West Indies, as St. Thomas."

But this hurricane was a gentle gale in comparison with that of the 29th of October. This began at 12.10, and lasted with one lull of 13 minutes, to 3.30—nearly four hours. The force of the wind was awful, blowing down houses, trees, and lifting blocks of stone, and in one case an anchor, into the air. Fifteen sailors were blown off the Spanish man-of-war *Vasco de Nunez*, barricaded shutters were blown in as if by artillery, and a gentleman's dining-room was carried through the air, the decanters remaining unbroken. About eighty vessels were more or less damaged, and half of them made total wrecks. The unfortunate mail steamer *Rhone* had just received the inter-colonial passengers, and of 150 on board only one was saved, with twenty-three of the crew. The gale was preceded, it is stated, by two shocks of earthquake; 300 bodies had been buried in a single day, and a thousand more, which the survivors were unable to inter, were heaped together and burned. As to the value of property destroyed in the town and its vicinity, \$16,000,000 is a low estimate, and this does not include the value of vessels lost and the cost of which is many millions more.

### A Discovery Worth Making.

If Colorado is not at present quite so populous as we could wish a State of the Union to be, the defect may surely be pardoned to her, in view of the immense contribution which she will bring with her to the common fund of the national wealth. We have already learned something of the extent of her deposits of the precious metals, and her Governor has ex-

plained to us the agricultural possibilities of her "parks." But a discovery is now reported which excels in importance any of those—we had nearly written all of those—previously made.

Colorado is said to contain apparently inexhaustible deposits of coal and iron. Mr. F. V. Hayden, United States Geologist for Nebraska, has carefully examined Boulder county, and reports that he has satisfied himself of the existence in that county of from eight to eleven beds of coal, having an aggregate thickness of from thirty to fifty feet. This deposit dates from the tertiary period. The coal does not contain bitumen; burns with a bright red flame; gives out a strong heat; leaves very little ash; is especially adapted to the generation of steam; will probably be serviceable in smelting ores; for domestic uses is only surpassed by anthracite; and, in his opinion, exists in such quantities that the supply is practically inexhaustible.

In the same region are deposits of iron ores, which Mr. Hayden also pronounces seemingly inexhaustible. "The ores occur," he writes, "in the form of nodules or concretions of all sizes, from a point to several tons weight. These concretions are scattered through 1,200 to 1,500 feet of strata."

The importance of these discoveries can hardly be exaggerated. Of course, even a United States geologist may be mistaken. But supposing him careful and dispassionate in his investigations, we may safely assume that the deposits, if not absolutely inexhaustible, are yet of very large extent. We all agree that the future seat of American empire will be in the Central States of the continent; that the trans-Mississippi region, which was yesterday a hunting and trapping-ground, will be humming to-morrow with the toil and traffic of an immense population. That region is thinly wooded. There is hardly any coal in Nebraska, and but an inadequate supply in Kansas. Thus the finding of these Colorado deposits is the first certain guarantee that the development of this vast area is not to be retarded by a lack of fuel. But it promises more than this. An adequate and convenient supply of coal is the precedent condition of manufactures. Of its bearing upon the prosperity of the trans-continental railroads it is unnecessary to speak.

It is equally unnecessary to point out the earnest of future wealth and revenue in the discovery of a new supply of iron. It is one of the two really "precious metals," and that it should be found in Colorado side by side with the other is a good fortune for which every American should be grateful. We are pushing forward to a greatness which we have as yet hardly begun to comprehend, and this discovery is another guide-post pointing out our way.

"FEMALE SUFFRAGE" has been rejected in Kansas by a heavy majority, and the result reaches us at the same time with the Count de Gasparin's book on "The Family: Its Duties, Joys and Sorrows," from which we take the following extract:

"Respect for women is one of the necessary bases of the family and of society. Destroy this, and you leave man to his coarseness and negligence. In observing how he sinks without it, we can well understand the assertion of Scripture, 'It is not good that man should be alone.' Need I specify that to respect women is not to call them to a position which is not their own? Their vocation, without being inferior by any means, is subordinate, and it is necessary that it should be. He that would have it higher only in reality lowers it. Such persons have not understood the grandeur of that rôle with which nothing on earth can compare, when they vainly dream of acquiring another for them. Masculine women would be no less displeasing than effeminate men; they would be more insignificant by far than womanly women. We hear nowadays of the 'emancipation of women.' Sublime invention! We may imagine the results it would produce by recalling the impression made upon us by women whose speech and attitude have lost the charms of modesty and sweetness—woman who commands, who disputes the authority of their husbands—political women, philosophical women, women who breach and dispose of questions, who decide the fate of empires, and who would map out a campaign if need be! Already many women effect the masculine intonation and incline toward adopting the masculine costume; and really, from the way in which they accost you, from the very shake of the hand, one would be almost tempted to forget what is due to them—they certainly forget what is due to themselves."

"LA GRANDE-DUCHESSE DE GEROLSTEIN" has very justly been described as "a foetus where frivolity sits on the head of the table, and vulgarity at the bottom."

RUSSIA, Prussia, France, and Italy have signified to the Porte, in a collective note, that having refused an international inquiry into the condition of Crete, it must henceforth expect from them neither material nor moral support. The wording of the note is singularly stern, and its significance is increased by an explanatory circular which Prince Gortschakoff has published in the *Nord*. In this circular he declares that Russia foresees disturbances in the East; that she will respect non-intervention while it is respected by others, but that "she will always take part in any European concerted action" to remove the difficulties of the East. The meaning of all this is that the Turks and the Christians are to fight it out, Russia assisting the latter secretly.

DOMINICK McCausland, L. L. D., has published a book in London to show that the scriptural account of the Confusion of Languages, the Creation, etc., is verified by modern discovery, and he does it by telling us that the Mosaic record of the Creation is literally true, save only that "day" means a long geological period of time. The



Mosaic record of the Flood is literally true, save only that the flood was partial, extending over the countries round Ararat and the Caspian Sea. In like manner, the record of the confusion of languages relates to the dispersion of the three great "families of languages," all of which had a common origin.

# VARIA.

The latest marriage of note was that of Miss L. M. Livingston of the Columbia County family, descendants of the Livingstons of Livingston Manor, to Elbridge T. Gerry, the brilliant young lawyer who took such a prominent part in the famous Strong divorce case. The ceremony was performed in Trinity chapel, by the Bishop of Maine, assisted by Rev. Mr. Hoffman. The highly ritualistic service, the white dresses of the choir-boys, the lights in the chancel, and the brilliancy of the bridal cortege, with the bridesmaids in white muslin dresses with long trails, made up a tableau at once striking and brilliant.

A few years ago coral was little used for a lady's adornment, and was inexpensive in baubles and trinkets for children. Recently it has become a favorite ornament, and therefore expensive, and the delicate pink color (rare but closely imitated by the coralline, which is pure in color and very pretty, but only imitation) is very costly. Malachite, also, has recently become very fashionable, and therefore expensive. It, too, varies in price, though the stone is not rare or intrinsically valuable, except one peculiar shade. Buttons of this material, set in fine gold, have been, and are still, worn on white, pink, and violet, or purple dresses, and are now quite the style, since Empress Eugenie wore them on a violet robe, her favorite color, and now the most fashionable shade is the violet de l'empereur.

We are in the habit of priding ourselves on the possession of the largest trees in the world, but recent researches in Australia have shown that although the thickness of our California giants may not be equalled, their height is considerably exceeded by species of *Eucalyptus*, a vegetable form characteristic of Australia. Specimens of various heights have been measured, and the tallest actually subjected to this test gave an altitude of 430 feet; but another, having a circumference of 81 feet, at a height of four feet from the ground, was estimated to be over 500 feet high. The tallest spire in Europe, the Munster of Strasburg, is 400 feet high; the great pyramid of Cheops is 480 feet; both exceeded by these Australian trees. The *Eucalyptus* tribe of Australian trees embraces a number of great economical value, as, while the timber is excellent, the growth is far more rapid than that of any others known, and their ability to resist the greatest drought, and even flourish in it, point them out as eminently fitted for cultivation in more or less desert regions. How far, as a form eminently Australian and Old World, the *Eucalyptus* would answer for growth in California and other comparatively rainless districts of America, can only be known by experiment. Other Australian trees, as the acacias and casuarinas, might be employed for the same purpose—possibly enabling us to start a belt of forest timber in what is now a desert; and thus, in time, reclaim entire countries from desolation.

Dickens realized \$20,000 for his four readings in Boston, and now expects to carry home over \$200,000.

Mr. Seth Greene, is supervising the work of stocking the Connecticut River with shad, at Holyoke. By his system, 95 per cent. of the spawn is hatched while in the river. It is estimated that not more than 5 per cent. live, the most being destroyed by fish and by unfavorable changes in the temperature of the water. He will turn into the river this season more than 100,000,000 of these fish. If they return to their birthplace as their instinct prompts them, there will be fine fishing in that stream next season. Under the new regulations of the New England Fish Commissioners, the fish will be able to visit the upper waters of the river, and Vermont and New Hampshire can eat home-bred shad again. Fish breeding is now as easily managed as the breeding of land animals, and measures should be taken to restock all our streams.

The city of Havre will have a Maritime Exposition next summer, beginning June 1st. It will be rich in everything relating to maritime affairs, and extensive contributions are expected from the United States. A monitor or two would be specially desired.

An iron fence has been erected around the soldiers' monument in Brimfield, Mass. Each post of the fence is made in imitation of a cannon, and each picket a musket. The gate is of the most unique design: it represents the full uniform of a soldier, comprising the sword and belt, the cap and feather, the musket and revolver, with the American eagle perched upon the post.

# ROMANCE.

From the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, where they boast that the prettiest girls are raised, came a runaway couple lately to Cincinnati, Ohio, to get married. They were unable to get a license in Kentucky, so they crossed the Ohio river and wooed the propitious deity, Hymen, we believe is the initial of his front name, in Hamilton county; but, alas! the hour was late, and the heartless clerk of the court granting licenses for connubial bliss had retired from public life for the day. Balked in their efforts to comply with the law, and not daring to risk a possible separation by any delay, the lovers were in a quandary, when the following plan was suggested in the feminine mind, and speedily acted upon. Ordering a hack, they were driven to the residence of a clerical gentleman, who has become almost as famous as the blacksmith of Gretna Green, and requested him to take a ride with them. Understanding that a fee awaited his compliance, he obeyed the summons without reluctance, knowing that he was to render two fellow-beings happy for life. Jehu, in following his part of the performance, drove as rapidly as possible to the Suspension Bridge which crosses the river at Cincinnati. The toll being duly paid, the hack arrived at the middle of the bridge, and there halted, just as the bells rung the midnight hour. And then and there, between Ohio and Kentucky, between the waters beneath and the sky above, between one day and the next—yes, between time and eternity, these two loving ones were made husband and wife without the permission of either Ohio or Kentucky.

A wretch, who deserves to be exposed to the ladies, has made the following wager, which seems to be caused by the pedestrian mania now so prevalent throughout the country: "I will walk with any good-looking girl who has a fortune in her own right, upon any given moonlight night, both parties to go as slow as they please, and neither to hurry back to the starting point. Will then, on the word, walk into her affections, and

walk off with her money." This egotistical imbecile's name is Mr. John Quill. Beware of him.

The delicate question of determining an old maid by her age, is one of long standing and of increasing difficulty. If the following statistics help to puzzle some author on the subject, the writer will feel that he has not labored all in vain. "A lady of uncertain age, but whose condition in life would be legally set down as 'spinster,' recently died, having spent her life in preparing to get married. Her trousseau, at the time of her death, was valued at fifty thousand dollars gold, and consisted in part of the following articles: 132 sheets, 63 coverlets, 50 blankets, 1,120 pounds of feathers, stored away in 27 beds, 54 pillows, 43 handkerchiefs, and not to be to precise, other articles too numerous to mention.

An interesting account is that given of Sarah A. Scofield, an American girl living in Wilmington, Delaware, who learned the trade of machinist from her father some years ago. Her brothers and sisters learned from her, there being seven children, and they are working together, and making more money than they could at sewing or any other purely feminine business. Sarah is also an accomplished draughtswoman, often making her own drawings, and has even done her own forging, though she prefers turning, filing and the nicer jobs of fitting. After all, however, this is only an illustration of the fact that what a woman will do, she will—and there's an end on it. Speaking of girls, there is a small-sized colony of Massachusetts girls at Marion, New Jersey, engaged in watchmaking. Their delicate organization seems adapted to work among such fine machinery as is necessarily used in the manufacture of watches.

# THEATRICAL FEUILLETON.

We have Dickens—Charles Dickens—the "Boz" of the last quarter of a century, amongst us. He commenced his readings upon Monday, December 10th, at Steinway Hall.

It would be needless to say that the Hall was crowded, as it has been every night since, upon which he appeared.

When did any real and tangible celebrity cross the Atlantic for the purpose of exhibition, social, literary, or theatrical, that the said celebrity did not crowd halls, saloons, or theatres? And in good sooth, Mr. Charles Dickens deserved that Steinway Hall should be crowded, and deserved the whole of the applause which he received. He is, as he was, emphatically one of the best readers we have ever heard. It is true that we might be induced to question his ability to read the Ghost Scene from "Hamlet" as well as he did that of the incredulous "Scrooge," under the visitation of "Marley's" double. At the same time, we might possibly be disposed while eulogizing the "Bardell vs. Pickwick Trial," to demur to his appearance in the Trial-scene of the "Merchant of Venice." This, however, can be of little consequence. What he does read, is read so well, with so much coloring, with such an abundance of vitality, and with such a thorough refinement of manner, that we can conceive no man listening to him with the soul of a true artist, and quitting the Hall without feeling convinced that in addition to hearing the voice of a great book-maker, he had listened to the tongue of a splendid stage-player.

It would be useless to set our face against the fact, Charles Dickens is indisputably a genius, whether he be considered as a novelist or an actor, for he courts us under either category. The various modulation and intoning of his voice are in a measure as wonderful as those of Mrs. Kemble, and entitle him to rank in the same line with her as a reader. As a leading daily paper said, "This reading was a beautiful play," and it is as a play-actor, that Mr. Dickens's worth as a reader must definitely be gauged. We might, perchance, except to an occasional thinness in the feeling of his more serious passages, but where all was so good, we prefer not to be hypercritical, and accept his reading as being by far the best which has been offered to us, save by the lady we have above all referred to, for many years.

It may be somewhat late in the day for us to speak of the volumes from which his readings are taken—his own. Nor indeed should we have ventured to do so, were it not for the purpose of remonstrating against some of the undue laudation which in this world as well as in the old one, is so constantly and lavishly heaped upon him. We may pardon our English cousins—his talent is a native production—but we can scarcely pardon our own brethren for so prostrate a prodigality. He may be a "modern Shakespeare," but we feel compelled to say that he is one of a kind which has by no means been minted from the same metal in which the original one was cast. If not a superior coin, he is decidedly by no means so valuable a gold as that in which the Bard of Avon was formerly stamped out. As a painter of mankind with the inkpot, Mr. Dickens depicts simply that class of humanity which he has moved with and known. He is only alive to that which he has touched with his physical fingers or seen with his physical eyes. Neither are his physical fingers able to reach any very lofty altitude in mental stature, nor are his physical eyes capable of discerning any very extreme height in moral beauty. He would scarcely have intellectual muscle enough to grasp a "Timon" or to measure an "Isabel." We of course set such imaginative diamonds as the philosophy of a "Hamlet" or the innocence of a "Desdemona" entirely apart from the question. This consideration brings us directly upon what we consider the greatest defect, while it is perhaps also the greatest charm in Mr. Charles Dickens's readings. He reads simply works written by himself, and could, in all probability, read only works of this class. The lower or middle range of English life he comprehends thoroughly, and is able to define it with a precision of outline and exactitude of color by the pen, which he very nearly reaches with the voice. We say nearly, for we must say that he scarcely gives us the same pleasure in hearing that we have formerly experienced in reading him. Much as we may appreciate his "Scrooge" upon the stage, let us candidly own that we were able to do so infinitely more in the closet; and warmly as we can chuckle over the author's reading of the "Breath of Promise Tril," we confess that we have laughed over it far more heartily in the olden time, when we read it tranquilly by the cozy hearth in our own quiet library.

We have said enough to indicate that while we reckon the merits—scriptural and historical—of "Boz" at a very high figure, we are not quite inclined to rank them above their legitimate value, as many of our contemporaries do. If not in the one line as great as Shakespeare, nor in the other as the elder Matthews, he is nevertheless a man of decided genius. We may count several scores of writers in the last fifty years whom we esteem more, although few whom we have enjoyed so much. As a sedulous caterer to our amusement, and an occasional good-natured pedagogue, we, in truth, value him highly, and recommend none of our idling lovers of amusement, or wanderers after story lights, to omit what may be their last chance of hearing the voice of an intelligence which is already somewhat aging, and looking on a face that is now very decidedly exhibiting the footprints of years upon its once handsome lines.

# OUR LONDON LETTER.

The Italian Fiasco—The Land Laws—Abyssinia—The Eastern Question—Rebellion and Change in China—Tea—The Persian Executions—Primogeniture—Consolidation of Telegraphs and Railways—Relief for the West Indies—Vesuvius—The Primitive Man, etc.

THE Roman question has ended in the occupation of Rome by France, and Italy is where she was

in the middle ages, when Frank and Teuton by turns drove each other out of her soil. This time the Frank has got rid of the Teuton; how long the situation will last no one can predicate. The party of "unity" has had a terrible whipping—Garibaldi has been locked up in Spolia, and Victor Emmanuel has "caved in." Rome is left to the Pope; he still holds the Vatican and a "freehold plot" of somewhere about 700,000 inhabitants. The success of the French and Papal infatuations is by no means unexpected, as it is quite clear Italy is no match for France—for the best of all possible reasons—she is no match for Austria, which is not equal to France. But France is now calling out for a Congress, that is, for an indemnity for all her proceedings, for it is hardly to be conceived that it means anything less. What the non-Catholic powers have to do with regulating the relations of the Catholic powers is not very obvious. The only result of congresses have been to embitter European funds. They cannot dispose of actual conditions—pluck the idea of unity out of the Italian or German minds; and as to England and Prussia guaranteeing the eternal temporal power of the Pope, it is quite useless and out of their power. It would only result in forbidding France to cross the Tiber. Is France to annex Italy?—is it to be a French prefecture administered by a general planted on the Capital? That is the question for Europe, whose equilibrium has been quite capsize by the march of events, and is likely to be more so. If the conscience of Catholic Europe says that it must be so, then there is no hope for the Romans, and the system must remain, even if there is no reform of the laws of land.

It is to this state of landed property, amongst other causes, to which must be referred the unhealthiness and desolation of the Campagna di Roma. After the decline of the Roman Empire, and the enclosure of the city by walls during the reign of Aurelian, the population partly withdrew within its precincts. In the subsequent centuries, the defeated factions of the aristocracy took refuge in the castles of the Campagna, and rendered its habitation dangerous for the sparse population which lived without the walls. Still later and nearer to our times, the ravages of the Algerine and other corsairs rendered the flat and unprotected place untenable by a Roman population, which entirely fell within the walls. At the present day the lands have fallen into a few hands, and the proprietors, whether princes or monastic bodies, do little for the repopulation of the Campagna, and prefer to let the tracts for grazing purposes. Drainage has been neglected for centuries, and a soil naturally volcanic and unhealthy has become the "mother of malaria." It was hoped that the construction of railways might again stimulate the cultivation and population by withdrawing the people from the noxious dews of evening, but that result has not followed. The lands, too, are practically inalienable, as they can be redeemed at cost-price forty years after purchased, rendering the purchaser reluctant to improve. No Roman will cultivate them; he would, if he cannot obtain a livelihood by a trade or profession, rather beg, and the cultivation, at a considerable sacrifice of human life, is carried on by emigrants from the Abruzzi and other places south of Rome. At Albano and in the Sabine Hills are small freeholds and good cultivation, for everywhere large landed proprietors drive the rural population off the land, whether their large estates are placed in Italy, Scotland or Ireland. All this, it is true, is an inferior matter to the other points of the Roman question, if it were not dependent on it. The main difficulty is the constant irritation it keeps up in Italy, which has a great deal of republican feeling, both from tradition, as it formerly was an agglomeration of republics and small states, and the hatred it bears to the Papedom. As to Germany, that is shelved for the moment, and Prussia will have time to consolidate the organization of her new acquisitions. Every moment Prussia is let alone is so much gained, while by statesmanship and treaties the way is being paved for the future incorporation of Southern Germany. The position of Prussia is strengthened by the irritation of Italy against France, which will not be able to renew the empire of Charlemagne, as appeared once to be the policy of the Emperor—to place France at the head of the Latin races, as they are called.

The Abyssinian Expedition has made its debut, and the advanced guard landed, but the want of water along the coast seems the most serious physical obstacle that has as yet to be encountered. As little or no rain falls, there are few or no wells, and such as are found near shore are brackish springs, infiltrations of the Red Sea, unwholesome to human life. Still there will be soon a large army from India in the Red Sea prepared for all eventualities. In all politics, as is well known, there are public and ostensible reasons for the multitude, and secret and confidential for the statesman.

The "Eastern Question" has almost subsided, but the circulars of Russia and other powers, and the "identity" of France and Russia, has caused considerable uneasiness. The great misfortune of Turkey is its protectors; they prevent its limited power of action, and aggravate the ills they affect to alleviate. Hence the Cretan insurrection fostered by foreign influence, and maintained by the hypocritical neutrality of Greece, which has supplied the men, arms and ammunition, and has kept up the slumbering volcano of Cretan discontent. Turkey, too, has only a population of 12,000,000 to recruit from, as the Christian element pays but does not fight, so that Turkey is a house divided against itself, and with the disaffection and intrigues carried on against it in its European dependencies, which are every day more and more emancipating themselves from its control, is in the slow but certain process of disintegration. Europe, in fact, threatens to crystallize into three great empires—the Slavonic, the Teutonic or German, and the Romanic—from which the other races will disappear, or to which they will have to submit.

Another empire that is also in a serious crisis is the Chinese. Many years ago the late Dr. Gutzlaff announced it to be crumbling to atoms. The Manchows seem pretty well "played out;" after two centuries they are lost in the millions of Chinese they have conquered. The dynasty is much in the same state as it was when the Yuan or Moguls ended. The last Emperor, Hsien-fung, became at an early age a used-up debauchee; his successor, Che-ching, is a mere boy in the hands of women and eunuchs. The Nienfei and the Taeping rebels have desolated large tracts of the empire, and are only restrained by the European suppression of piracy and other sordid, moral and physical, lent to the tottering throne of Tartars. No doubt the Chinese, if asked for the plebiscite, would pool for a native dynasty. And the non-intervention, as it is called, of foreigners has aggravated the misfortunes of the empire. Two-thirds of the empire are either in the hands of sympathizers with rebels, and Russia hovers over the northern frontiers for a line of 900 miles to the Amoor, and effectually prohibits any future secession or conquest of China by Tartars. There is, too, a feeling amongst the Chinese that the dynasty has lasted its time, so that to the other complications will one day be added a "Chinese question," involving the fate of as many millions as there are in Europe, and the lucrative

trade in tea, for which there will be two competing lines, one through Russia and the other through the United States to Europe. The "inspiring" beverage, it appears, is better when made from leaves that have not crossed the line, and the teas of Russia which come overland and avoid the sea are celebrated at present as for their fine aroma and high price.

There has been a project started to get all the telegraphy into the hands of the Government, and to assimilate it to, or combine it with the post. The telegraphic communications do not answer well for short distances, the offices are crowded with messages, and each has to wait its turn. All this a direct management by the Government if it is supposed will rectify. No steps, however, have as yet been taken for this concentration.

The idea too of conveying the railways into the property of the State is from time to time started, but the magnitude of the affair is too great, and the depreciation of the lines not enough to render the transaction at present a good bargain should these schemes ever be realized, for at present they have merely been suggested. They would have two great drawbacks—that of placing an immense deal of patronage in the hands of the State, and setting at the same time a check on improvement and invention.

The winter session of the Parliament has commenced, and the statement of the Abyssinian expedition given by both parties—the misfortune being thrown on each other's shoulders. There is to be an addition of one penny to that easily-lived impost, the Income Tax. A good deal of confusion is to prevail as to the geographical limits of Abyssinia, and the French, it appears, claim Adulis, a port on the Red Sea. The inspired French journals are beginning to call it the "half inspired" British ones about the Roman question, so that the green-eyed monster Jealousy has already made its appearance on the surface. General I retire for the sake of his health to Capri, and the French army to the seaboard, in order to give a certain air of freedom to the Congress—if it comes off.

The late of the island of Torin, a great sensation here, and a considerable subscription has been started for the sufferers of the hurricanes in the West Indies. The amount subscribed has already reached £3,000, and the relief, with the telegraph at command, should be speedy.

Vesuvius, too, is in a state of eruption, which affords more pleasure to tourists than its neighboring inhabitants; as yet it has done no damage. There are some vivid descriptions of it given, but at present it seems only a "slow" fire.

No falling stars were seen here, although many "crashed" out to sea.

The "primitive" man question is again coming up, and Sir J. Lubbock read a paper the other evening on "The Origin of Civilization." As to stone weapons, it is rather a dangerous ground to go upon, as the "stone" weapons of the ancient Caribs have been "found" all over Europe, having, as some suppose, been shipped in the ballast of early "skippers," or been brought over as curiosities in times long "post-historic."

Our last zoological importation is a "walrus" he is small, but "rough and ready," and a goodly addition to the great and other seals which flounder about in their small ponds in the Zoological Gardens.

# ART COSSIP.

ASSIDUOUS work in the studios—and we know many artists who are very assiduously at work—is not always attended by commensurate remuneration. The present season is an unusually dull one for artists. The revival of the Saturday receptions, indeed, brings many visitors to the studios, but the purchasers are few, and the money value of pictures is lower than it has been for some years past. Owing to this state of affairs, artists are combining for auction sales of their works.

Mr. Durand's was the first of the season, and a success. His pictures were succeeded in the L. ed Gallery by a collection of some 200 from the studios of many of the leading artists of New York. The "back bone" of this exhibition, so to speak, was furnished by Mr. J. H. Dolph, whose paintings—landscapes, figures, and still-life—formed nearly half of the collection. All of these pictures were sold by auction on the evenings of Thursday and Friday, December 12th and 13th. Other sales of gatherings from the studios are talked of; and, considering the depression now existing in art matters, and the probability of its being followed by an immediate reaction, connoisseurs who wish to pick up pictures of real value for minimum prices, would do well to "make hay while the sun shines."

David Johnson is a young painter whose progress in the landscape branch we are pleased to note. He has lately finished a large and important picture, in which his powers exhibit a very satisfactory development. The subject of this picture is a wide scope of scenery on the Hudson River, taking in stretches of both banks. Topographically speaking, this picture is a very faithful transcript of the scenery which it represents. But it is small praise to a painter to say this. Let us add, then, that in addition to the local truth by which it is characterized, Mr. Johnson's picture is marked by genuine feeling for the phases of American autumnal atmosphere and objective material; and that the artist is especially happy in his studies of rocks and trees.

W. Bradford has brought with him from the coast of Labrador, where he passed most of the summer, a number of sketches of the wild and rugged scenery of that region. From these he is now engaged in painting several pictures, which will probably be placed on view in some one of the public galleries before long.

We have lately seen in the studio of Byron M. Pickett, No. 526 Broadway, some works in plastic art, which are worthy of more than mere mention. Among these is an ideal marble bust, nearly finished, which embodies a classical conception of Tennyson's "Enone." The expression of the face is very charming. The sculptor is also building up in clay a "Cinderella," which promises well for transfer to marble. A small statuette in plaster of "Little Red Ridinghood" is also meritorious for design; and, in the portrait line, a marble bust of a child, modeled altogether from photographs, is marked for character and apparent fidelity.

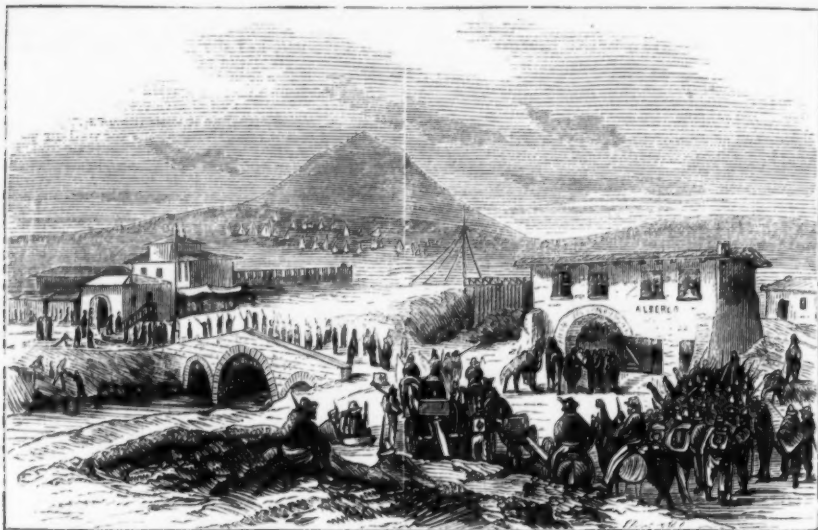
There are now on exhibition in Kneller's Gallery several pictures lately imported from Europe, many of them displaying excellence of a high order. G6rome's remarkable picture of "Moliere Dining with Louis XIV." is among the number, and a capital picture it is. Meissonier, Cabanel, Pissarro, Toulouse-Lautrec, and several other renowned painters of the French school, are also well represented; and the exhibition, altogether, is the most interesting one now open in the city.

# Summary Ejectment of One of the Unreconstructed from the Capitol at Washington, D. C.

A MAN, whose name is not preserved to hand down in historic fame, while on his travels he reached Washington City, and as most visitors to the city of magnificent distances do, he visited the capitol and saw the Congress of the United States in session; further following the footsteps of many who have preceded him, he was very much disgusted at the exhibition the congressmen made of themselves, and left. So far, perhaps, he was not altogether a fool. But on coming out, he addressed one of the policemen on duty at the capitol in a violent tirade, feverily cursing Congress in general, and Thaddeus Stevens in particular, ending with a declaration that he was "a rebel," attesting the truth of his personal acknowledgment by a huge oath. The virtuous policeman was so shocked, his nicest feelings so incensed by the astounding declaration of the irate individual, that he immediately pitched him out of the capitol, and pursued the secessionist with a cane. Truly all the fools are not dead yet.



## The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.

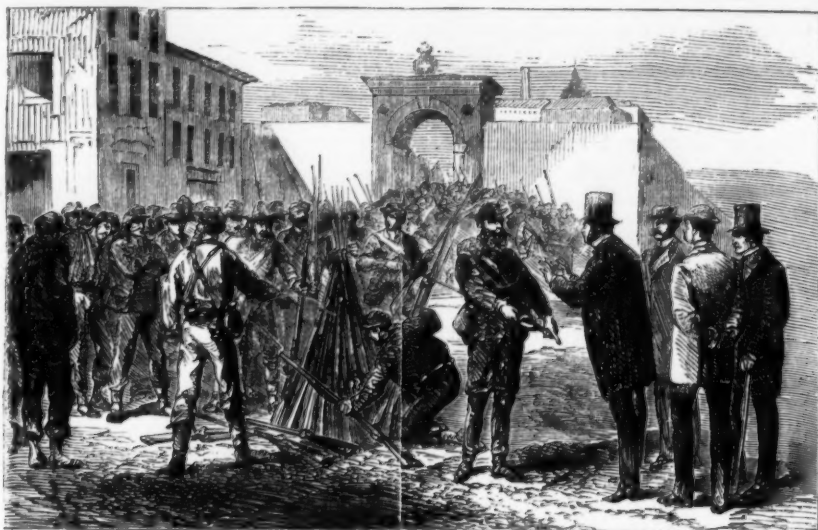


DISARMING THE GARIBALDIANS AT THE BRIDGE OF PASSO CORESE, AFTER THE BATTLE OF MENTANO.

Disarming the Garibaldians at the Bridge of Passo Corese, after the Battle of Mentano.

After the victory at Monte Rotundo, Garibaldi ad-

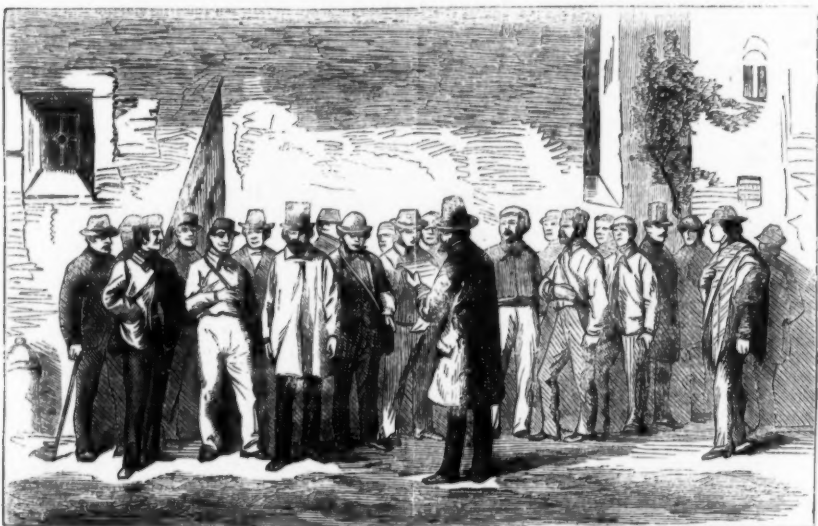
French with their Chassepot rifles gained a signal victory over the ill-armed, half-naked, starving Garibaldians. The defeated Garibaldians retreated through Monte Rotundo to Passo Corese, where they gave up



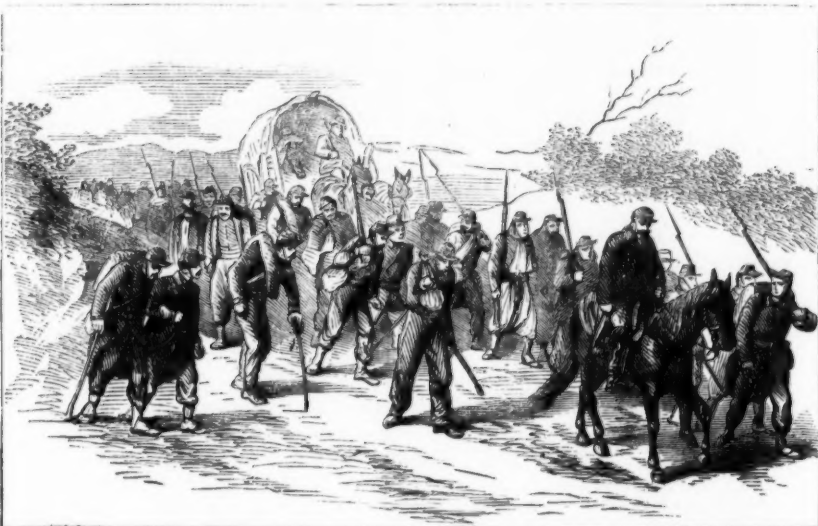
RETURN OF THE GARIBALDI COLUMN TO ITALIAN TERRITORY—COLONEL PIANCIANI SURRENDERING HIS SWORD TO THE SYNDIC OF ORVINO.

tion of its duration seems to culminate in this — How long will Napoleon find it a paying transaction to barter French troops for such prayers as the Pope and his College of Cardinals will give in return?

ance afterward in Italian territory, answering to recall, previous to being transported to the several parts of Italy whence they came. In this surrender all but 500 men were included, which 500 held Mentana, to



GARIBALDIANS RE-CROSSING THE ITALIAN FRONTIER.



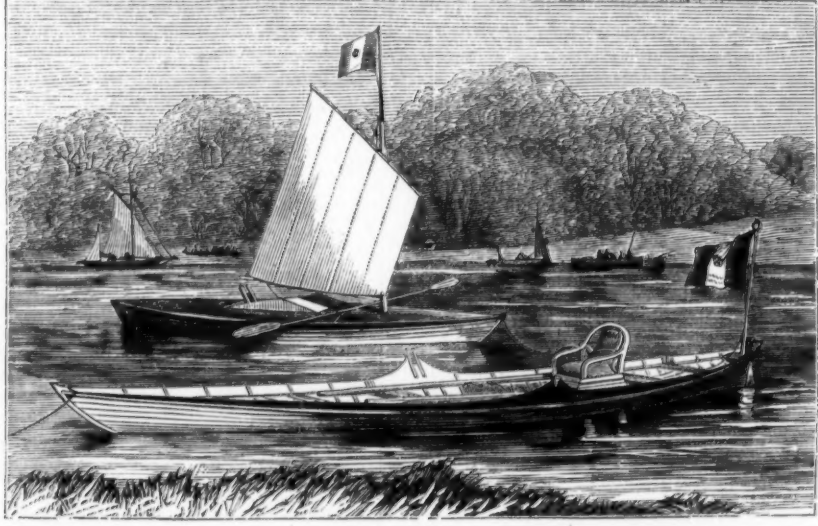
RETURN OF THE PONTIFICAL TROOPS TO ROME, AFTER THE DEFEAT AT MONTE ROTONDO.



THE POPE PROMENADING NEAR CASTEL-GANDOLFO.

vanced to Cecchina, having run a narrow risk at Gratioli, where some of the Papal troops still remained, who fired their revolvers at his party, fortunately without effect. The battle of Mentana followed, when the

their arms to the Italian troops, and recrossed the frontiers of the Pope's dominions to return home. Thus, apparently, the Italian insurrection ends. The French troops alone prop the temporal throne, and the ques-

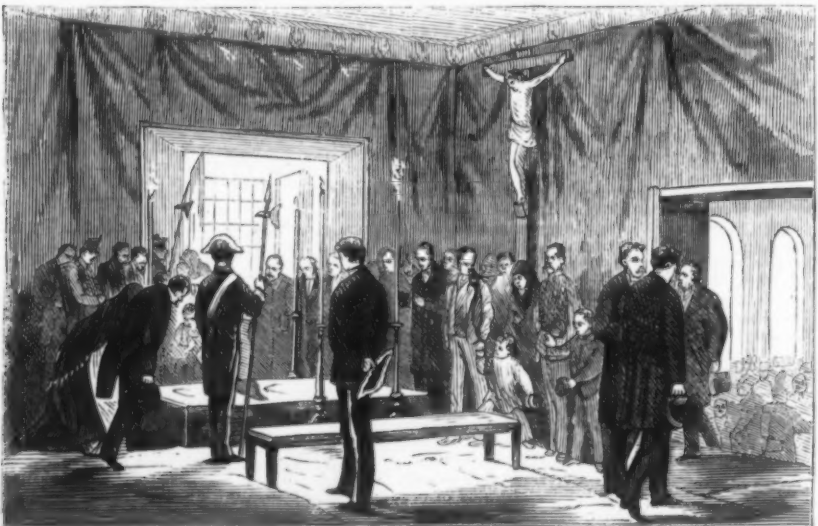


SKIFF AND CANOE FOR THE EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH.

## Garibaldians Recrossing the Italian Frontier.

As a companion picture to the disarmament of the Garibaldians, we give a representation of their appear-

secure Garibaldi's retreat, until an overpowering French brigade was sent against them, when they surrendered, receiving all the honors of war, with a stipulation that a free passage should be allowed them to the Italian



VIEWING THE BODY OF MARSHAL O'DONNELL IN THE CHAPEL OF THE CHURCH OF ST. JOSEPH, MADRID.



OPENING OF THE FRENCH LEGISLATURE IN THE GRAND HALL OF THE LOUVRE—THE EMPEROR READING HIS ADDRESS.



frontier. Thus we may believe that the remnant of Garibaldi's force is to-day herding sheep, tending vineyards, etc., as before the outbreak, and Italy is tranquil once more.

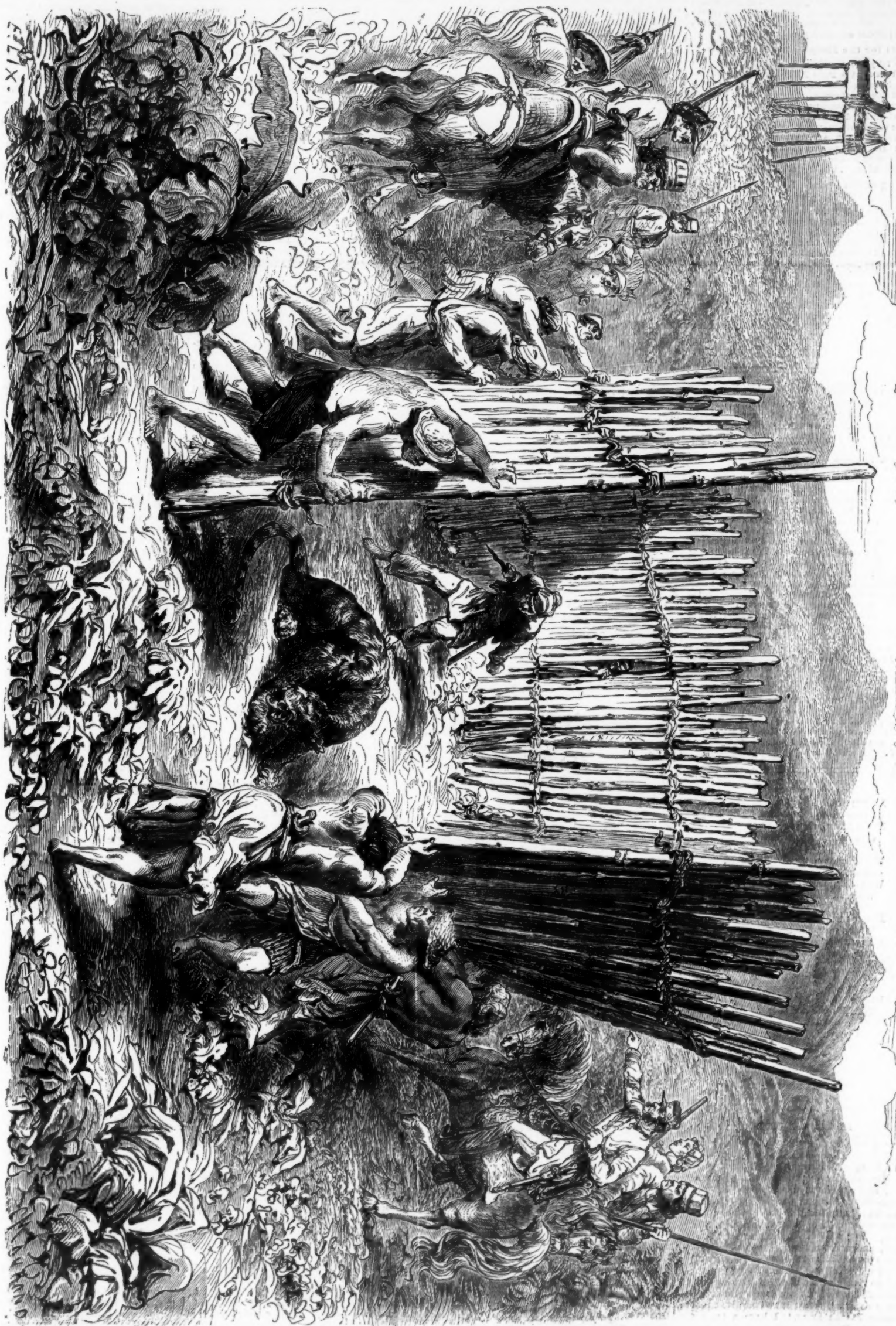
**The Pope Promenading at Castel-Gandolfo.**

Castel-gandolfo is the favorite palace of the Pope of

ant part in the history of Spain that no history of that country can be written without giving great praise to his many noble actions, was, as his name shows, of Irish descent, though born in Spain, and always considering himself a Spaniard. Marshal Don Leopoldo O'Donnell y Jorri's, Count Lucena, led a Spanish army into Africa in 1859, to avenge Spain on Morocco. Be-

popular again. Only for a few months was he left in peace however, when he was driven forth again, and the Marshal was obliged to remain in exile till his death. Now that the great man is dead, his enemies have caused his body to be brought to Madrid, and the remains exposed to public view in the chapel of the church of St. Joseph, as one of the most honorable of Spanish grandees.

country, where he surrendered to the Italians. Taking the syndic of the town by the hand, the brave colonel said, while tendering his sword to the municipal officer, "While beyond your frontier we were soldiers of the revolution; but here we are only peaceable citizens, submissive to the laws of Italy." The syndic refused to accept the sword, and the soldiers rent the air



TIGER HUNT IN JAVA.—See Page 230.

Rome, and is situated near the Eternal City. The illustration shows the pomp with which he appears on the slightest occasions—a cardinal with a detachment of Papal guards surrounding him even when taking his constitutional perambulation in his own private grounds.

**Viewing the Body of Marshal O'Donnell.** This celebrated man, who has taken such an import-

ing victorious in three battles, and having restored somewhat of the ancient prestige of the Spanish arms, he received the title of Duke of Tetuan, and on his return was received with grand military honors, and compared to Ruy Cid Campeador and Gonzalo de Cordova, the greatest warriors Spain has ever produced. In 1863 he was dismissed from the Ministry; but in June, 1865, he was allowed to return, and seemed to be

**Return of the Garibaldi Column to Italian Territory—Colonel Pianciani Surrendering his Sword to the Syndic of Orvinio.**

Colonel Pianciani commanded a part of the rear guard which held the Papal troops at bay, and permitted the main column to reach Passo Correse in safety. He directed his line of march upon Orvinio, in the Italian

with acclamations and cries of "Viva Garibaldi! Viva l'Italia!" This is the scene of the illustration.

**Return of the Pontifical Troops After their Defeat at Monte Rotondo.**

So long as the Garibaldians were only opposed by the Papal troops they were successful, and no-one can doubt that the present owner of Rome is indebted



solely to the French troops for his temporary power. In this engraving we present a view of the beaten and dispirited troops of his Holiness, as they returned from their Bull Run, Monte Rotondo, toward Rome. Look at them and say they were not thoroughly demoralized. This is not a retreat, but a rout, a disgrace, an overwhelming victory. It was the confidence gained by this glorious victory that induced the Garibaldians to fight the French at M. nassa, where the Chas-pot rifle did such deadly execution. If the intervention of the French were rendered impossible, the Pope could not retain his throne a single day.

#### Boats for the Empress of the French.

These fairy-like vessels were made by an English firm and sent to the Paris Exhibition, where they excited universal admiration from their extreme lightness and elegance of model. They are built of birdseye maple and Spanish mahogany, richly ornamented with gilt scroll-work and moldings. The empress purchased them for use on private waters, and they are well worthy of the distinction. The dimensions of the skiff are as follows: Length, 21 feet, by 3 feet 7 inches wide. The canoe is decked with cedar, and is 14 feet in length, by 2 feet 2 inches beam, with a paddle 7 feet long.

#### Opening of the French Legislature by the Emperor.

Monday, the 18th ult., was the day appointed for the opening of the Legislative Assembly, and punctually at one o'clock the Emperor appeared in the grand hall of the palace of the Louvre for that purpose. The members of the Senate and Legislature, with all the attention glittering through, were in their accustomed places half an hour previous to the entry of Napoleon and the Empress who accompanied him. In the illustration, her majesty occupies a seat on the right hand of the picture, in a gallery, with the Princesses Mathilde and Murat on her right. Napoleon will be recognized at once; near him are the Prince Imperial, Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte, Prince Lucien Murat, Prince Lucien Bonaparte, and other princes too numerous to mention.

#### TIGER-HUNTING IN JAVA.

It is ordinarily supposed, by naturalists as by others, that the tiger, the symbol of cruelty and fury with the ancients, is a terrible animal, of which the ferocity equals its prodigious strength, and that the tiger chase is very dangerous. Travelers have immemorially abused the poor faith of savans, and of all those who have lent an ear to them. A tiger at bay can scarcely be goaded into self-defense. In order to hunt it, nor mimic rifles, nor conical balls with points of steel, nor explosive projectiles are necessary, all travelers, modern or otherwise, to the contrary notwithstanding. Some stalks of bamboo, cut in a neighboring morass, and split longitudinally, are the only weapons required to dethrone the king of the Javanese jungles. When a raid is made by a tiger on the flocks of a Dutch colony of Java, the Boers mount their horses and bid their Malay servants follow them. Once on the track of the ravisher, the Malays, each one of whom is furnished with a bundle of bamboos, tied together at the ends, advance singly toward the thicket in which the monster digests his prey. They surround it and cautiously approach each other, making the circle smaller and smaller, and taking care to keep the sharp end of the bamboo, split longitudinally, toward the tiger. As the Malays, concealed behind their protecting weapons, advance nearer and nearer, the animal passes from surprise to fear. When the circle is completely formed, a Malay, enclosed alone with the tiger, approaches it, and with his kris kills it. As soon as his cry of victory is heard, the belt of bamboos is broken, each Malay throwing down the frail rampart that separated him from the enemy. The palpitating body is yet upon a litter and carried back in triumph to the scene of its depredations.

#### QUESTIONINGS.

LITTLE girl, hand tucked in mine,  
In such trustful fashion,  
In the future who shall thine  
Clasp in lover passion?

Wond'ring eyes upraised to mine,  
In such tender gazing,  
Who shall answer to thy look  
When those eyes are glazing?

Flossy curls I softly twine,  
With a whispered blessing;  
Who shall prize those curls when I  
Am beyond this guessing?

Tiny foot I guide with care  
Safe past every danger;  
What shall be thy path through life,  
Thou, to woe a stranger?

Little girl—my little girl—  
Nestling close and tender,  
Would that I could know the life  
That my God will send her!

#### DUGOMMENT.

BY CHARLES DIXON.

From a number of equipments hanging upon the wall, the colonel selected a sword, released it from its hook, and extended it toward me. I took it in surprise, drew the blade slowly from its sheath, and paused in silent astonishment. A common-looking weapon was this, yet I noticed, as I poised it in my hand, that the balance, either for a cut and thrust, or a downright blow, was in exact equality; that the blade was set firmly in the hilt, and narrowed at the point in the most exquisite proportions, but these surely were common and universal attributes. To my eye, there existed no visible evidence of its superiority over a sergeant's hanger, yet my companion had just earnestly asserted, "that it had not its equal in the entire French army." I have a taste for adornments. Perhaps the absence of any, in this instance, influenced my decision. Sword and scabbard were of solid steel, highly burnished, but utterly devoid of those many decorations which officers of rank so frequently cultivate. The guards were not even adorned with that most usual substitute, gilt, and were welded in a manner both old-fashioned and too thin, seemingly,

to bear much service. Before I was aware, the words passed my lips, "Not a single ornament," and I held it up, and surveyed it with a glance which must have been a trifle contemptuous.

"You are mistaken," said Colonel Mortier, quietly; "look in the hilt."

I dropped the point to the floor. As I did so the sun's rays, entering the open window, reflected with dazzling radiance the facets of a brilliant diamond of unusual size and clearness, secured by steel clasps in the pommel—of itself a fortune.

"Breathe upon the blade," said my companion. I did so, and at once discovered the secret of its worth. Through the thin mist, I detected those light-blue, finely waving lines, which characterize the unquested productions of that far-famed city of the Orient.

"Damasco," I cried.

"It is," said my companion; "see here."

He took the weapon in his hands and doubled it until tip met haft, forming a complete circle. Releasing it, the pliant steel resumed its proper shape with a velocity which rendered the movement invisible, but running the point swiftly against the surface of the opposite wall, the blade maintained its proportion as rigidly as a bar of iron.

"Sit down, monsieur, and I will relate to you its history, and mine, as I promised so long ago."

He drew out a campstool, and I seated myself in silence. Crossing his arms, and leaning heavily upon the sword, the colonel commenced his relation:

You are aware of the events of 1814, when the combined armies of Europe succeeded in parting France from victory, happiness, liberty, and power, in the person of her emperor. I had been for two years a private in the chassours of the imperial guard, when we received news of his abdication. Oh, direful day! It seemed to us as if France had left the world, to wander through eternal darkness; and so for a time it had, politically, at least. Well do I remember his parting with us in the courtyard of the chateau at Fontainebleau—that gloomy day when battered and remorseless grenadiers, and battle-stained chassours, sobbed like children. Ah! grief kept many eyes wakeful that night amidst the stern ranks of the imperial guard!

Well, we were disbanded. We were too loyal to that liberty which we had enjoyed for fifteen years. The Bourbons hated and distrusted us, and we were separated—driven forth into the fields of France, unprovided for, suspected, watched—of the old guard! We, for whom the emperor had thought nothing too good, and who had led us to sleep in palaces in nearly every capital in Europe!

I went back again to my father's cot, in a miserable little hamlet named St. Erith, a few miles from Grenoble, arriving just in time to participate in the fall labor of his vineyard. A small one it was, but it sufficed to support my parents, and one sister, while a large flock of sheep, of which father was part owner, furnished many a luxury which otherwise would never have been known. A few weeks passed, when the work of pressing and bottling being over, I resumed the occupation of my boyhood, and watched the sheep upon my native hills, which I continued the whole succeeding winter. It was terribly chafing to my proud spirit.

For two years I had roamed, sword in hand, through the fields and cities, by the lakes and streams of Europe, and such a life generates not in one a love for the quiet monotony of a villager's existence. But I could do nothing. France was exhausted, stagnated, spiritless, by the long struggle she had undergone, and those reverses which came at last had ruined her commerce, and destroyed her home manufactures. The mercantile vigor of the country lay prostrated and nerveless, and no employment opened its arms to the idling, scattered troops. I early learned to submit to the inevitable necessity, and awaited with all the patience I could command for the arrival of better days.

The hamlet sustained one inn, and in this I soon found congenial company. Several maimed and discharged warriors of the republic and empire, who like myself had descended from the saddle to the shepherd's crook, met nightly there, and I was gladly welcomed as a comrade to their midst. With them I passed the long winter evenings, reviving bygone experiences, and renewing in imagination the scenes of former campaigns. They talked of Spain and Egypt, of Russia, of Moscow, of Prussia and Austria, and their conflicts, until my bosom burned with rage and hate toward the implacable enemies who had destroyed the fruits of all these victories. And to increase the fever-heat of my restlessness, a regiment of infantry, stationed at Grenoble by the policy of the new government, formed their camp on the outskirts of the village, and the bar-room of the Maison de Campagne became the scene of nightly carousals by the hardened privates. Political animosity led to many brawls between us, in which my hot blood at first led me to take an active part, twice narrowly escaping arrest.

Twice during the winter I visited Grenoble, hearing there faint rumors of another coming revolution, and fears of foul-play intended to the emperor, even in the security of Elba. I returned to my hill-side with a dogged calmness, confident of a change at hand, and inwardly determined to hold myself in constant readiness to strike once more for the liberties of France. Slowly the winter crept by, and as slowly the spring came on. One cool evening at twilight, as I was slowly driving my flock toward the fold, I overtook on the mountain road a stranger, toiling painfully down the steep, evidently much fatigued with the weight of a large bundle strapped, together with a heavy knapsack, upon his back. As I drew nigh, he stopped and turned toward me. Without thought, I paused, influenced by his appearance. His whole bearing, physique and manners,

were highly military, causing an immediate remembrance in my mind of the King of Naples, whom I had often seen at the head of the cavalry of the guard. His face was square and massive, with a Roman nose, heavy, jet black mustache and beard. His eyes deep set, and piercing; his shoulders broad; and his chest full. Involuntarily I raised my hand abruptly to my head, and gave the military salute. He returned it instantly, and his face changed from its look of indifference to one of interest and inquiry.

"A comrade?" he inquired.

"Late a chasseur in the reserve guard of Bonaparte," I answered, cautiously.

"A comrade indeed," he said. "I too am of the old guard, second division, under Marmontier."

"The same division," I cried, stepping forward, and we grasped hands heartily.

"You have made a wondrous change in your calling, comrade," he remarked, as we turned toward the hamlet.

"You are right," said I. "But when a man has no choice, he must take what he can get."

"And could you not then," he asked earnestly, "enlist under the Bourbons?"

"Not while my emperor is alive," I replied hotly, with a fierce glance at one whom I now believed a traitor to his benefactor.

A keen, intelligent look flashed from his eyes in return. I paused suddenly, with a vague dread. To an utter stranger I found I had revealed enmity to the existing power. My thoughts were unpleasantly interrupted.

"Are you aware," said this man, "that I hold you in the hollow of my hand? If I but report you at the camp beyond—" he paused, and leered significantly at me.

"And what then?" I demanded, with an assumption of confidence I was far from feeling.

"To-morrow," he replied slowly, "sees you in a dungeon, and I commended for having played the spy so successfully in St. Erith already," and he laughed lightly.

When we first met, I had relieved him of his largest and heaviest bundle. It took but the observation of one accustomed to arms to comprehend that it contained the paraphernalia of a soldier's equipments. A rent in the gray horse-blanket which covered them had before attracted my attention, and as he spoke I inserted my hand through the orifice. As I anticipated, it rested at once upon the handle of a weapon. I felt the scabbard of its companion beyond, and now, grasping the two, I drew them forcibly forth. One proved a sword, the other a beautifully-ornamented heavy English rapier, of nearly equal proportions. Choosing the former, I cast the bundle from me, stepped quickly in front of him, and throwing the rapier at his feet, bade him defend himself, and rest the sequel of my imprisonment and his elevation upon the result of the conflict.

He glanced at me in wonder, surveyed the preparations and my defiant attitude in surprise, but at last released the knapsack from his back, picked up the rapier, unsheathed it, and opposed me with an exasperating air of neutrality which plainly said, "Oh, as you will: immaterial to me."

The sword was my favorite. Private as I had been, and compelled to wear the heavy sabres of the cuirassiers, I had still managed to bear with me through all campaigns a light cut and thrust blade, and every encampment saw me at odd hours practicing with a few companions in some retired corner. This I had pursued with a zest which never admitted of weariness or satiety. Few, very few, were my superiors in its use when we were disbanded, and now, as I grasped the hilt, my martial feelings revived in fearful force, and I glared at my intended victim with the ferocity I had experienced when opposed to Prussian or Cossack. Never felt I more confident of victory than when I made the first lunge at my unknown opponent. A few movements convinced me that my antagonist was a man of metal. My fiercest, most sudden and subtle thrusts were ward off with all the apparent ease and certainty of a prescience of their intended direction. Five minutes after the beginning of the fray he made his first aggressive action by an adroit blow which jarred the hilt from my grasp and placed me at his mercy. I folded my arms, and awaited the fatal stroke. He silently, however, leaned upon his weapon, and surveyed me sternly.

"Do you, then," he commenced, after a long silence, "place so little confidence in former comrades of the army of my majesty, that you must needs accept every light word from their lips which expresses treachery as reality?"

"I recognize none as comrades," I retorted, "who, having served under the emperor, are base enough, even in sport, to propose disloyalty to that allegiance they pledged at entering his guard."

"Comrade," he cried, earnestly, "I have indeed given you much provocation; but you will not deny that it is wise to sound new acquaintances ere confidence is given. How was I to know that you had served—that you was not a Bourbon spy? The skill and readiness with arms you exhibit is a sufficient answer to the first; while your promptness to fight with one you thought a traitor satisfactorily proves your loyalty to that cause which, although now lost, still commands the devotion of its former sustainers. Comrade, I give you my word of honor that I did but utter jest, and hate the Bourbons full as intensely as you can. We must be friends."

These words cut me to the heart. Doubt his word of honor I could not, for it was the oath which even the most degraded hussar will not abuse. I grasped the hand which he extended toward me with every earnest feeling of admiration and friendliness, deeply chagrined at my impetuous haste which had caused the recent combat, and not a little disappointed and surprised by his superiority with that weapon, upon the use of which I had particularly prided myself. His evident comprehension of the motives which had controlled my conduct, however, with his genial manners, soon dissipated all embarrassment, and

resuming our course down the hill, we talked and joked with all the confidence of old and tried friends.

And so it seemed to me he was an old acquaintance. The more I saw of him the more I became impressed with the idea that we had met before—a conviction which flashed through my mind at the moment when we first crossed blades. The name he gave me, in answer to my query, was Dugomment, but I searched my mind in vain for the memory of any such person among my army acquaintances. And yet his manner, his voice, his actions, all struck me as familiar. I remember distinctly my perplexity during that walk, but afterward, as I became habituated to him, the idea gradually vanished from my mind, and I viewed the friendship which followed as originating from that time.

In a few minutes we had reached the lane which led to my father's dwelling. Here he paused.

"This road leads to St. Erith?" he said, inquiringly.

"Yes," I replied; "but my house, to which you are as welcome as a brother, is near. You certainly will not pass it by to spend the night at St. Erith?"

"I would gladly stop with you," was his answer, "if it were not necessary that I reach the hamlet to-night. Does not an old soldier, named Renault, keep an inn there?"

"The Maison de Campagne," cried I. "Are you his friend?"

"I am," was his reply.

"If you had but spoken that one name upon the mountain, it would have been sufficient to guarantee your truth," said I, slightly mortified. "At least stop with me and sup?"

None of my invitations were accepted, however, and he passed on toward St. Erith, leaving with me the bundle, which I promised to place in his hands at the Maison de Campagne that evening. Housing the sheep, I disposed of supper as quickly as possible, resumed the bundle, and wended my way toward the village, for the addition of a member to our circle was an event.

I found Dugomment sitting at his ease in the bar-room with my army friends, to whom he had been introduced by Renault, a broad-shouldered, one-armed relic of the battalions of the first consul. He arose as I entered the room, and informing his new acquaintances that we had met that evening on the road, and I had relieved him of the bundle with which he had been loaded, took it from me, and passed up-stairs, from which time we saw no more of him for the evening. He said nothing whatever of his victory over me on the mountain, nor did he afterward, thereby sparing me considerable sarcasm, and perhaps a little ridicule, from the old soldier.

After that I met him frequently, both upon the hillside, where I watched my flocks, and at the inn. We soon became very intimate, and I learned to esteem him highly for the many good qualities he possessed, particularly pleasing to a soldier. He was bold and straightforward, always spoke earnestly, abruptly, and to the point. He never boasted, but gave his opinion or experience in a plain, truthful manner. We soon found him to be generous, prompt, well versed, and a good companion. As a consequence, he became a favorite, and possessed of great influence with all.

He often brought swords, of which he seemed to have any quantity and variety, up to my standpoint, and we passed the entire day in fencing. Never saw I a more complete master of that weapon—never one who held such a number of unusual effective styles of wielding it. His quickness was wonderful, and his handling of it almost superhuman. It was impossible to touch him. His activity and skill formed an impenetrable armor, through which my utmost efforts could not penetrate. At perfect will he baffled the most artful manoeuvre by a series of perplexing feints and artifices, always confusing me, and from whose cover he darted out some unexpected lunge, which to an enemy would have carried certain death. Of all this, however, he made no show, and few of the villagers knew of the power he bore under an unpretentious exterior.

From whence he came, what he had been, and his intentions none could tell. Possibly Renault might have done so, but he was far too discreet if he knew, and he did, to reveal what Dugomment evidently desired to pass over in silence. That he was well supplied with funds all knew, since his hotel bills were openly paid at the end of each month in good, shining coin, with which he ever seemed furnished to an indefinite amount. The source it came from was a matter of conjecture to all, although there were not wanting a few credulous persons to affirm loudly of an existing compact between him and the mighty potentate of Pandemonium below. He frequently kept his room for days together, thereby increasing the mystery, as none else save Renault had ever been beyond the portal from the day he entered. But as for me, satisfied with his actions, which were ever open and manly, I paid no attention to the numerous surmises, and rather discountenanced all mention of him, for I well knew, should the knowledge of such a character, having no apparent employment, and the least doubtful reputation, reach the mistrustful ear of government, imprisonment, if no worse, would surely follow.

In consequence of the existing ill-feeling, the military commandant had for some time past prohibited all soldiers from entering the hamlet. Late in the winter the rigor of these orders began to relax, and every few days now found a strolling, vicious company, scarlet-clothed, parading the streets in impudent independence. In many places these would have been passed in reverential submission, for the common people, pleased with outside show and the glitter and gaudy lace of the dominant party, are easily pacified. In St. Erith it was different—nearly the reverse. Most of the inhabitants had been, in some capacity, soldiers in the all-conquering ranks of the great emperor. To such the sight of a few royalists, decked in scarlet



and armed, as they often were, with carabines, presented no such formidable prestige.

Trained in a school where superiority of equipments and numbers were deemed but idle show, when formed to resist the bravery of Frenchmen, they viewed the swaggering bands of royalists in openly expressed contempt and hatred, and immediately retaliated in increased ratio for any act of depredation, by the summary process of a personal castigation. This led to plain and publicly acknowledged hostility. As the days warmed the number of these visitors naturally increased, for your trooper must not be confined to the barracks after the monotony of a close winter camp. Street brawls between the high-flying parties became every day occurrences, in which Dugommet, however, seldom took part, save in one or two instances when personally assailed by the grossest violation of civility. Acts of violence were hourly perpetrated by the reckless red-coats while in the village, and all our men carried heavy clubs, to which they readily resorted upon the slightest provocation. As yet, fortunately, no fatal affrays had occurred.

To the heated fusion of my passion, I should at this point have entirely yielded, but for a counteracting influence. One of the villagers, a wool merchant—that is, one who bought the products of our flocks, and after separating and cleansing, sold them to parties in Grenoble—had a daughter by the name of Cephyse. Ah, monsieur, she was beautiful! We had grown up together from childhood, attended the same school—such as it was—played at the same sports, had similar natural tastes, and—well, we loved. When I joined the army, a stalwart youth of twenty years, she a delicate young girl of sixteen, we had pledged each other to wed upon my return.

Well, I went. Is it necessary to relate to you the sure degeneration that followed? You can judge something of the examples I encountered. I was inexperienced, unsophisticated. Is it a wonder that my still pliable mind gradually changed its form from the pure mold of childhood, and was remodeled, by the ever acting tools of an army's immorality, into an inward stained inversion, but outward seeming, of its former self? When I did return, scarred even to disfigurement by many a frightful seam on cheek and hand, and found her radiant, blooming, beautiful, just coming into all the charming freshness of womanhood, I felt as though she was an angel, and my very presence near her a sacrilege. But she met me with kisses as of old, and loved me the same—loved me—whom two years of flexible contact with the world had altered from youth's purity to all the blackened, reckless spirit of a hardened soldier, and the bitterness of one who has suffered his moral clearness to become dimmed, his faith in humanity weakened, and his finer feelings blunted; so I told her unreservedly, for then I knew the fearful decline I had undergone. But she was content to take me as I stood, inwardly and outwardly deformed by scars, and trust to time to eradicate them. Great heaven! what did she see in me to give her hope?

It is wonderful what that girl did for me. She remodeled me again, how, I do not know. I never could tell, but in her hands I once more commenced to feel self-pride and confidence in my own uprightness. Gradually she sifted out that dross I had acquired, and replaced it with the shadow of her own truth and virtue. It was one of the turning points of my life. Oh, it were better I had then been suffered to sink into that abyss of darkness, rather than so lifted up to behold for a brief time the light and sky, again to drop almost beyond their limit!

Monsieur, when thinking of that time I always grow bitter. Looking back upon my career, I perhaps find it, in a military view, successful. I have received the commendations of the greatest warriors of the modern world. But morally it has been a ruin and a failure. I have slain many men in honorable warfare, have assisted in the spoliation of foreign homes, and made widows and orphans by the score; but what, what have I ever done to advance happiness and prosperity? Why, nothing. You will say of me that these thoughts, coming so uncalled for in this relation, are morbid, and so they are. Yet the contrasted memory of what our wedded life would have been, causes them to rest with crushing weight upon my spirits. Ah, well, I loved her—loved her. To me she was a superior being, an angel of light.

Our bridal day was set—the last one of spring. I can hardly realize now how contradictory were my ideas at that period. Ambition and an inbred taste for adventure struggled hard with love. It was not natural I should give up my inclinations at once, and I could not see, as at this moment, which afforded the most real pleasure. All day upon the hillside, whether I was alone in my meditations, or my new friend, Dugommet, accompanied me, I dreamed of martial fame, of future campaigns and victories, holding myself ready for any movement which could afford another opportunity to aid the cause of freedom, and confident that the new principles instilled in me by Cephyse, would effectually ward off the dangers of the camp. And still I had forsaken my old habit of lounging at the bar of the Maison de Campagne, and my evenings were spent in the society of her I loved. All night I dreamed of her, content to abandon glory and fame that we might live together in some cottage, no matter how humble. The day succeeding found me arguing and disputing with Dugommet upon the propriety of some particular charge made in days gone by, or vainly wishing for a chance to again embark upon the bloody waves of war in search of honors. With such strange medley the winter ended, and the spring commenced.

One evening I had housed my sheep, and wandered slowly down the road toward the hamlet. The hour was early, and I was in no haste, aware that the household duties of Cephyse would detain her from company for some time to come. As I reached the outskirts of the village, I observed a man step from the bushes near the road

side, and take his way onward in a direction similar to my own. I hastened my footsteps, and was soon near enough to recognize him. It was as I had thought, Dugommet, who, with a carbine slung lightly over his shoulder, was returning to the inn after a day's solitary practice on the hills.

I had nearly overtaken him, when from the opposite direction I saw several forms approaching through the gathering twilight. The loud, confident tones, the wide, free steps, sufficiently proclaimed the characters of the new-comers as royalists. I hurried on, and contrary to my fears, no collision occurred between them and Dugommet in passing, but the last man, as soon as fully by, turned and addressed him with some insulting word. Dugommet replied instantly with a blow across the speaker's face that nearly felled him to the earth. By this time I was near enough to discover, with dismay, that the group consisted of officers who seldom visited St. Erith, and being generally well-conducted and orderly, were not molested.

The person who had been struck, and who wore the epaulettes of a captain, pale with rage, gave forth some fiery order to his companions, at which all sprang forward toward Dugommet. Far from being alarmed at this ominous movement, the latter, calm and collected, cocked his carbine and raised it to his shoulders.

"Hold!" he cried, in a clear, commanding tone. The carbine was leveled. "Another step and one dies sure. I am no idle hand at clubbing with a gunstock."

The officers paused hesitatingly, awed by his resolute manner.

"In the army in which I served," continued Dugommet, with cutting sarcasm, "a captain who avenged his insults only by the assistance of half a dozen comrades in the manner of a private, was deemed a coward."

The swarthy face of the royalist reddened.

"We never fight with low-born, untitled vagabonds," he replied insultingly.

"As being your superiors, they would not condescend to meet such poltroons who conquer by superiority of numbers," retorted Dugommet.

"Why, base vandal!—Do you use the sword?" the epithet and question came thickly from the lips of the royalist.

"I do," was the instant reply.

"And will you meet me?"

"If you dare."

"At what time?"

"To-morrow's sunrise, at the Lovers' Rock, by the mountain, with a second—swords."

"It shall be so," and despite the remonstrance of his companions the captain reiterated his determination, and turning their faces toward me, all resumed their course to the camp.

I heard the boastful, confident sentences as they passed by:

"I'll cut up this provincial as I would a fowl if he appears. Why should I refuse to meet him?"

I hurried on to catch Dugommet, who had vanished and walked rapidly in the direction of the hamlet. To my surprise I did not succeed in overtaking him. Arriving at the Maison de Campagne, I found he had not been seen, and although I waited for him to appear for some time, he did not come. I then went to Cephyse, and passed the most happy evening of my life. Ah, well!

I found my father awaiting my return at home with a message from Dugommet, who had been there during the evening, requesting me, as a particular favor, to be ready and accompany him the next morning at sunrise—"he had something to show me." Although aware of the probable sight in store, I said nothing, and immediately retired. I felt flattered by the preference he showed in choosing his second, and aware of the quietude and seclusion required by participants in such scenes, I resolved to inform no one of the intended duel.

I arose on the following morning before dawn, and walked down the grassplot to the fence which marked the boundary of our yard. At the gate I found Dugommet. I had not expected him for half an hour to come, and was surprised.

"Ah! you are early," he remarked.

"And you?" I queried.

"Have just arrived. I did not expect to see you quite yet, however. I have little job to finish before breakfast, in which I wish your company as a second. I am to meet an officer of the camp this sunrise at the Lovers' Rock."

"I was a witness of the affair of last evening," was my reply; "but what?" as I caught sight of his sword; "this is not the one you have chosen to fight a duel with?" and I took it in my hands in amazement.

It was the same one I am leaning upon, plain and unattractive then as you now see it. Dugommet looked down at the weapon affectionately.

We soon started across the fields for the appointed place. A more lovely morning I never witnessed; it equaled Austerlitz. The sky was of a mellowed brown, with a foreground of pure green from the mountain foliage just springing into life, the early air balmy but bracing, and the grass beneath our feet fresh and exhaling fragrance at every footstep. As we drew near the Lovers' Rock, we beheld the hostile captain and his second in the distance equally ready.

Lovers' Rock was a large, isolated boulder at the foot of the mountain, well-known as a picnic and holiday ground. The lot at its base was level and well trodden, the place of all others for a meeting, although a profanation upon the uses to which it was accustomed.

There was no recognition by the principals previous to the fight; no friendliness between the seconds. Dugommet nodded to the captain as we entered the level spot, but it was unheeded. A scornful smile curled for a moment the grim visage of the royalist, as he noticed the apparently simple sword of his antagonist. He was a tall, powerful man, who had evidently seen much

service, and viewed the coming scene merely as an interesting interlude from the sameness of his quarters. His bronze face contracted as the sun's first rays flashed from behind the mountain, and he advanced toward Dugommet with an air of a man who has a satisfactory operation to perform and perfect reliance in his powers. My companion met him half-way, and uttered a courteous "en garde!" The next moment, the stillness of the morning was disturbed, as their blades met.

The captain handled a heavy English sword, whose gilded hilt, with imposing crimson tassels floating from the pommel, presented a great contrast to the plainness of its opponent. Both were highly polished, and the morning beams reflected the quick evolutions, in a thousand brilliant scintillations. I can tell you nothing of the fray from that moment; the after horror has driven it from me. With a companion versed as mine in carte and tierce, and punco and passado, there could be but one result. The royalist was transfixed after a few passes, and fell a corpse. His second, a coarse, brutal man, in a fit of rage at the death of his champion, drew a pistol and discharged it at Dugommet. It skimmed by, leaving him unharmed, but, oh, God! it was destined for a purer bosom, as it sped onward to Cephyse, who was blithely tripping across a distant meadow, and she dropped before my sight, dead. Just heaven! the sight transformed me to a demon. With this good sword I cleft in twain the brain of her murderer, and but for Dugommet should have disgraced myself by smiting a fallen foe.

Oh, the long, intense woe of that day! Will it never leave my memory? It stands there, ever prominent, in the front rank of thought. Well, we carried her lovely form back to its village cot, and the earth became to me the darkened curse it has since always been. I have no recollection of the next two days. I was stupefied with my sudden loss, and knew and felt nothing but a dull, deadening sense of pain. But the third, when came my frightful awakening, will never cease to oppress my soul. That day the whole mourning village escorted her body, peerless and beautiful even in death, to its long home, and when I heard the awful, muffled echo of the falling clouds upon her coffin, oh, terrible was the knowledge that with her was buried for ever my heart's peace and my life's hopes of salvation. It was late at night when I left her grave, and just before I bade farewell to the spot, I knelt in the clear starlight, and uttered a solemn oath, never to rest quietly in France until that hated alien power which had sustained and paid her murderer was driven from the throne.

It was all I had left to occupy my mind. Remains in St. Erith I could not, and the low mutterings of the coming storm of revolution gave me trust that in the fury of its blast I might hope to find in political excitement that forgetfulness without which life was unendurable.

As I arose a touch was upon my arm, a hand grasped mine in sympathy. It was Dugommet. "I have heard you," he said, "I, too, am under a vow of ceaseless enmity to the Bourbons. Henceforward we are friends and brothers in this cause."

Ah, how the presence of an earnest friend upholds one at such a moment. I could say nothing, and leaning upon his arm, returned silently to the village. He bade me go and pass the night with him, and I obeyed. Buried in mournful thought, I retired to his room at the Maison de Campagne, and lay in dismal reflection until daylight.

As we arose, I scanned the apartment and was impressed with its warlike appearance, although my mind was too preoccupied to dwell upon it long. Every window was surmounted with two swords crossing the upper corners, and a star of ten hung suspended over the bed. All were of different character and make, and at any other time would have attracted my strictest attention. Several beautiful carabines, dueling pistols, knapsacks, and a helmet were arranged at intervals along the walls. The bed was made of soldiers' blankets, and the entire outfit of the chamber savored more of the barracks than an inn. A large mirror hung opposite the door. Dugommet at first arising approached this, placed the face to the wall, and pulling away a sliding cover, revealed a life-sized portrait of the late emperor, so exceeding life-like that I immediately raised my hand to my head in the customary deferential salute.

"This is my inspiration," said he; "the hope of the future lies with that man."

He dressed, and descended to the dining-room. The short meal was hardly concluded, ere a number of soldiers came rushing into the room, and demanded vehemently to see the men who had killed their captain and lieutenant. They were furious with rage, and taken, as we were, by complete surprise, it would have been disastrous to have attempted resistance. Fortunately an officer appeared and ordered them back to camp, but his threats to us pictured an event darker than the just averted cloud.

LADIES who have yet to suit themselves with cloaks for the ensuing opera season, will be pleased to learn that elegant patterns have just been received from Paris. Full-length cloaks of fur cloth, lined with white silk, and trimmed with blue and white silk ribbon or lace, will be the prominent style among the elite. The color of the material is principally white, although a sprinkling of purple or delicate green gives it a more jaunty appearance. Another very neat and graceful attire is a saque of imitation lamb's wool, cut short at the sides, and terminating in a tab about nine inches square in front and back. The sleeves are rather tight, and the collar is formed by pointed ribbon. The saque is ornamented with blue and white silk ribbon or narrow lace, and large crystal buttons.

A HUMAN SMILE.—Nothing on earth can smile but human beings. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond-flash compared with an eye-flash and mirth-flash? A face that cannot smile is like a bud that cannot blossom, and dries up on the stalk. Laughter is day, and sobriety is night, and a smile is the twilight that hovers gently between both, and more bewitching than either.

## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A HUSBAND accompanied his wife to confession. The lady having opened her griefs, the father who was shriving her insisted on administering a severe penitential scourging. The husband, hearing the first stroke inflicted on his better-half, interfered, and urged that his wife was delicate, and that, as he and she were one flesh, it would be better for him, as the stronger vessel, to receive the scourging intended for his help-mate. The confessor having consented to this substitution, the man knelt in his wife's place, while she retired from the confessional. Whack! whack! went the cat, followed by a moan from the good man's lips. "Harder! harder!" ejaculated the wife; "I am a grievous sinner."

Whack! whack! whack! "Lay it on!" cried she; "I am the worst of sinners." Whack! whack! and a howl from the sufferer. "Never mind his cries, father!" exclaimed she. "Remember only my sins! Make him smart here, that I may escape in purgatory."

A MODEST individual in the Nutmeg State announces that his golden wedding will come off just thirty years from now, and offers a liberal discount on any presents his friends then design to make him.

A SUBSCRIBER to a moral reform paper called at the post-office the other day and inquired if the *Friend of Freedom* had come? "No," said the postmaster; "there has been no such person here for a long time."

It is said that some mothers are growing so affectionate, that they give their children chloroform previous to whipping them.

What is the difference between a watchmaker and a jailor? The one sells watches and the other watches cells.

If a Colt's pistol has six barrels, how many ought a horse pistol to have?

"Ah, Jemmy," said a sympathizing friend to a man who was just too late for the train, "you did not run fast enough."

"Yes I did," said Jemmy; "but I didn't start soon enough."

WHAT is the difference between a maiden of sixteen and a maiden of sixty? One is careless and happy and the other hairless and cappy.

TWO DISTINGUISHED philosophers took shelter under one tree during a heavy shower. After some time one complained that he felt the rain.

"Never mind," replied the other; "there are plenty of trees. When this one is wet through we will go to another."

PROFESSOR DOREMUS once placed a linen handkerchief in the explosive condition of gun-cotton and threw it into the wash. Bridget washed, dried and sprinkled it ready for ironing, without a suspicion of its character. The moment she placed the hot iron upon it the handkerchief vanished into the air, nearly frightening the poor girl out of her senses. Had this occurred an age ago, the professor would have passed for a "limb of Satan."

A YANKEE doctor has recently got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours' hard labor, well worked in.

AN Italian conversing with some friends on the subject of the great *invasione* Rome had sustained from an inundation of the Tiber, declared that they ought all to pray for the river to be seriously indisposed in future. Being asked for his reason, he replied: "Because he does nothing but mischief when not confined to his bed."

A DISTURBED preacher remarked, "If that cross-eyed lady in the side aisle, with red hair and a blue bonnet, don't stop talking, I must point her out to the congregation."

WHY are jokes like nuts? Because the dryer they are the better they crack.

A MAN lately inquiring for letters at a country post-office, was told there was none, upon which he asked if there was not another post-office in the place?

At a fashionable dinner a gentleman observed a person who sat opposite use a toothpick which had just done the same service to his neighbor. Wishing to apprise him of his mistake, he said: "I beg your pardon, sir, but you are using Mr. —'s toothpick."

"I know I am. By the powers, sir, do you think I am not going to return it?"

THERE was something exquisite in an American's reply to the European traveler, when he asked if he had just crossed the Alps?

"Wal, now you call my attention to the fact," said he, "I guess I did pass risin' ground."

AN old gentleman who has dabbled all his life in statistics, says he never heard of but one woman who insured her life. He accounts for this by the singular fact of one of the questions being, "What is your age?"

WHY is an overworked horse like an umbrella? Because it is used up.

QUEER thing is an insurance policy. If I can't sell it, I can-let it; and if I can-let it, I can't sell it.

WHY were the old Whigs like a sculptor? Because they took Clay and made a bust.

"WHICH way do you travel from?" asked a wag of a crooked-backed gentleman.

"I came straight from Boston," was the reply. "Then you must have been shockingly warped on the road, sir."

WHY are a shoemaker's plans always frustrated? Because his attempts always end in *de-feet*.

A NEIGHBORING city is just now honored by a gentleman who sings so high that he is obliged to slip his suspenders before he can get down again.

APPROPOS of the recent meteoric shower, an old lady having been informed of the coming event, prepared to enjoy it in a characteristic manner. The following is her account of the display: "He told me as how the stars were goin' to fall agin' like I hearin' tell off, the time that some folks thought the world was goin' to be set on fire. Well, I counted the minutes, and at last, according to the notches I cut in that door-post that night, and left the coffee pot bilin', and some cold pork and greens and corn set by the fire, and determined to set up and see the stars shute. It was sorter coolish, but I got under that shed so that I could give 'em a fair chance; and I sat, and I sat, and I sat, and I smoked a powerful deal, and then I'd eat a bit and take a cup of coffee, and watch agin—and I kept it up till broad daylight, and I didn't see a single one of the blasted critters budge."

LOWELL says that the attempt to get gold without earning it, is a chase that brings some men to a four-in-hand on Shoddy avenue, and some to the penitentiary.

WHEN Maria Tree left the stage, the following couplet was written in the green-room, by G. Colman:

You bloom and charm us, yet the bosom grieves  
When Tires of your description take their leaves.

EVERY art is best taught by example; good deeds produce good friends.





SCENE IN THE HARBOR OF SANTA CRUZ, WEST INDIES, DURING THE RECENT EARTHQUAKE.

#### Scene in the Harbor of Santa Cruz, West Indies, During the Recent Earthquake.

THE West Indies have been terribly afflicted during the past few months, and since the purchase of the Island of St. Thomas it and the adjacent isles have been pretty thoroughly spoiled by hurricanes and earthquakes. The last excitement was an earthquake on the 18th ult., which troubled the sea as much as it did the land.

The earthquake commenced about three o'clock in the afternoon, throwing down many buildings and loose masonry-work that had been injured by the hurricane described in this paper. At a quarter past three a bore, or large wave, about thirty feet high, was observed coming toward Santa Cruz from the south, like the tidal waves of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where the tide rises so quickly as to drown such living beings as may be at low water-mark at the time of the flow. As this bore advanced the water in the harbor receded, leaving all the shipping aground, so that the vessels were violently dashed about by the wave, whirled about in the backset of the waters, and finally driven on shore. The United States steamer *De Soto* parted the cables on her heaviest anchors, and sustained some damage, but steam being immediately gotten up, her steam pumps soon cleared her of water. The steam corvette *Monongahela*, commanded by Commodore S. B. Bissell, was driven on shore, and landed high and dry on the wharf in front of the town of Santa Cruz, about four feet above high water-mark. Her only injury was the bending of her stern-post, and the destruction of part of her false keel, but if launched she could return to the United States without further assistance. Since the 18th ult., daily earthquakes have been felt, but gradually decreasing in number and violence up to the 28th, when the usual tranquillity again became the natural order of things to be expected.

#### A Daring Robbery in William Street, New York City.

THE most daring robbery of the season was committed about ten o'clock on Friday morning last,



A DARING ROBBERY IN WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

near the corner of William and Wall streets. A clerk in the employ of the New York State National Bank, while returning from the Clearing House with a quantity of exchange checks and notes, amounting in value to over three million two hundred thousand dollars, was seized by two respectably-dressed men, who, after a desperate struggle, during which severe injuries were inflicted about the head and face of the clerk, succeeded in wrenching the bag containing the valuables from his grasp. The robbers immediately ran toward a sleigh they had left in readiness in William street, and, jumping in, drove rapidly away. In spite of his wounds, the young man started in pursuit, obtained a foothold upon the runners of the sleigh, and attempted to regain his bag. One of the robbers commenced beating him upon the head, and endeavored to push him from his unpleasant position, while his confederate whipped the horse until the party were carried along at lightning speed. The clerk clung to the sleigh until the repeated blows from the bold rascal stunned him, when he fell backward to the ground.

Owing to the severe snowstorm of the previous day, business men were delayed in getting to their offices, and the affair did not create much excitement at the time. The bank sustained only the loss of the bills, about five hundred dollars, as the checks are receivable only at its office.

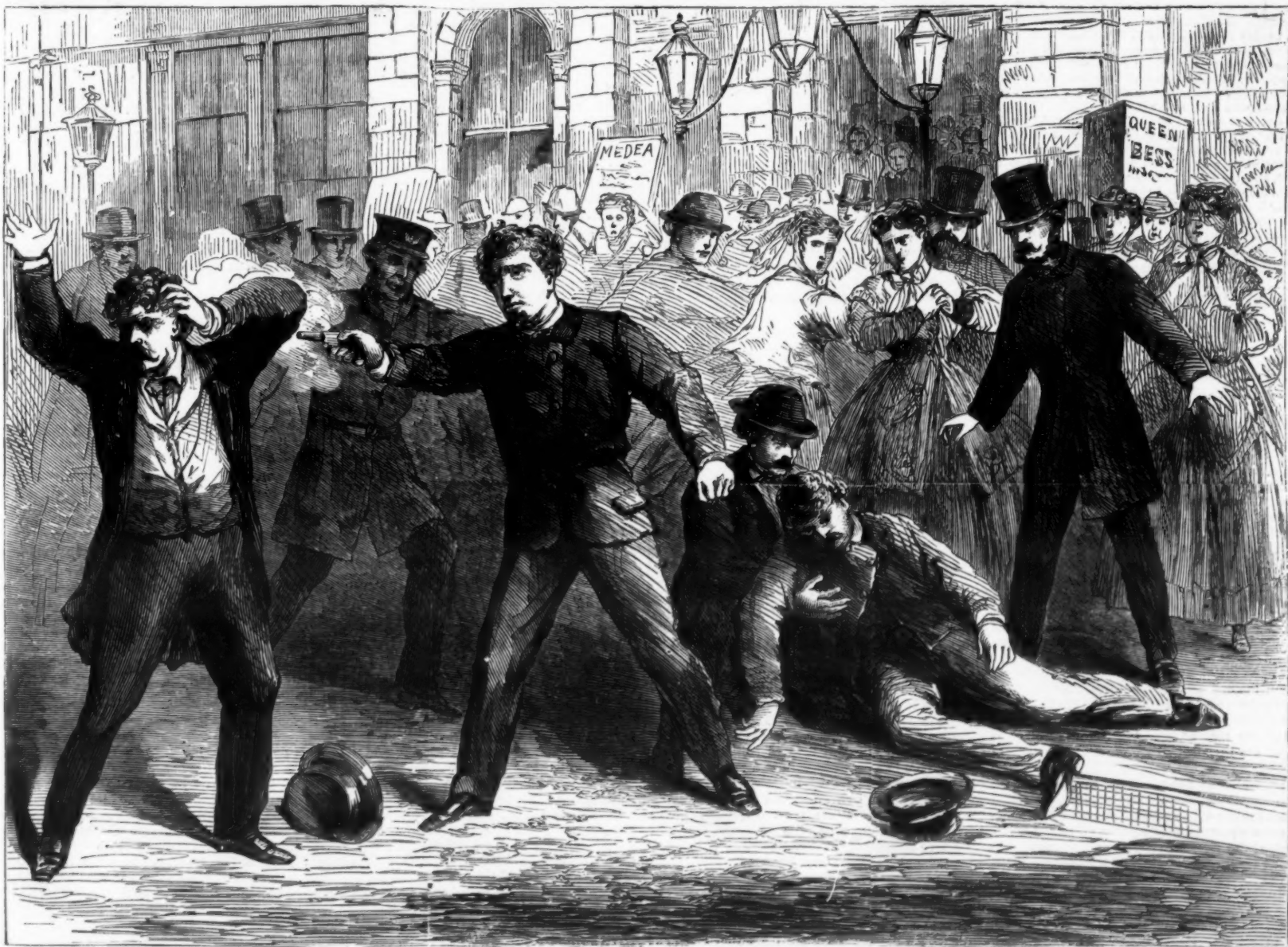
#### Scene at the Office of the New York Daily News.

DURING the five o'clock issue of the New York Daily News, the delivery room of that paper presents a series of as animated scenes as will be met with anywhere in the city. About half an hour previous to the delivery of the papers, a brigade of newsboys take the place by storm, and, after posting their pickets to prevent a surprise from the policeman detailed to preserve order, resolve themselves into a menagerie, in which all the vices, passions and strategic skill of that powerful organization are exhibited with telling effect. The room in which their feats of strength and duplicity are performed is about 120 by 20 feet in size, in the





SCENE AT THE OFFICE OF THE NEW YORK DAILY NEWS—THE NEWS BOYS AWAITING THE ISSUE OF THE FIVE O'CLOCK EDITION.



A BANGUINARY SHOOTING AFFRAY IN FRONT OF THE FIFTH AVENUE OPERA HOUSE, TWENTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 234.



centre of which an impromptu ring is formed, and the exercises commence with a dextrous manoeuvre by Master Christie, the "star" of the troupe. This youth is a one-legged amateur, and besides possessing rare ability as a sleight-of-hand performer, is equally expert in gymnastic contortions; but his favorite entertainment is to stand upon his head during the space of five minutes while his companions dance a lively reel about him. While in this position his body resembles an old-fashioned sign-board, the index finger being formed by his remaining leg. He is held in high estimation by the "entire company," and our picture shows them giving him a triumphal march. Bending the crab, walking with the head bent over backward almost to the floor, and with the arms crossed on the breast, leap-frog, marbles and the other juvenile games follow, interspersed with brilliant rounds of pugilistic diversion, and a series of pocket-picking executed in an exceedingly adroit manner. Several nimble lads, selected for their wry faces and short hair, give a faithful illustration of the habits, agility and treachery of the monkey-tribe, springing with a bound to the top of the bars separating them from the paper-stand, cutting up ludicrous antics, and then, with loud shrieks, jumping into the midst of their gaping audience. As soon as the papers are ready for delivery the exercises terminate, and the participants are scattered to the most remote localities in the city, where they fill the air with the intelligence: "Five o'clock edition! *Daily News!* Only one cent!"

#### Street Fight between Negro Minstrels.

A BLOODY tragedy was enacted on the afternoon of the 11th instant in front of the Fifth Avenue Opera House, in 24th street, in which one person was killed and another severely if not fatally wounded. For several months past there has been considerable rivalry existing between the principals of two well-known minstrel troupes of this city, and this fearful affair grew out of an attempt by one of the parties to obtain satisfaction from the other for having uttered slanderous statements about business affairs. Last summer, while Kelly & Leon and Sam Sharpley were giving a series of entertainments at Boston, high words passed between Messrs. Leon and Sharpley, owing to the breaking of a contract between the latter and two clown-dancers, who, it was alleged, had been induced to break the contract made with Sharpley, and enter into an engagement with Kelly & Leon, through statements made by the latter that Sharpley was not a responsible person, and that his property in this city was mortgaged.

The parties did not again meet until during a matinee, on the afternoon of the affair, when Sam Sharpley went to the Fifth Avenue Opera House, of which he is lessee, to transact some private business, after which, and while witnessing the performance, he noticed Messrs. Kelly and Leon in the audience.

Having made up his mind to call Leon to an account for having attacked his private character, Sharpley waited until the other parties left the house, and then followed them a short distance toward Broadway, when, being joined by the treasurer of his troupe, he overtook them, and, walking up to Leon, accused him of making disparaging remarks about his character and business. Leon positively denied having made any of the statements charged against him, and applied some indelicate remarks to his accuser, upon which, it is stated, Sharpley dared Leon to repeat his abusive epithets, at the same time placing himself in a fighting attitude. Leon complied with this demand, and was immediately struck by Sharpley. A scuffle ensued between Kelly, Leon and Sam Sharpley, during which Thomas Sharpley, the murdered man, first made his appearance on the scene, and Leon started off on a run toward Fifth Avenue. Kelly struggled to his feet, and drawing a four-barreled pistol, fired at Thomas Sharpley, wounding him fatally. The wounded man fell to the sidewalk, and while upon the ground received the contents of another barrel of Kelly's pistol; then Sam Sharpley drew a revolver from his pocket, and, determined to avenge the murder of his brother, shot Kelly in the head.

The arrival of a strong force of policemen put an end to the fatal affray. A coach was procured and the body of the murdered man removed to the Morgue; Kelly was assisted to a drug-store, where his wound was dressed, and the other parties were arrested and conveyed to the station-house, to await an examination.

The deceased, Thomas Sharpley, had been a resident of this city but a short time, having formerly carried on the brokerage business in Philadelphia; was thirty-one years of age, and leaves a widow and two children.

## THE DRAGON RING.

### III.—A ROSE WITH A THORN.

TWO DAYS previous to the events last recorded a young man, walking leisurely along one of the up-town streets, passed a church, from which proceeded the full, deep notes of a powerful organ. He seemed attracted by this, for he stopped, knocked the ashes off his cigar, tapped his boot with his slim cane, and seemed to have no more important business on hand at that moment than to listen.

The young man entered the cathedral after listening for some time, and found few people therein. The voice of the organ now had increased power, and the thunders of the bass rolled under the arched roof and shook the chains of the censer lamps. The flames of these burned like the glow of the will-o'-the-wisp, the light, colored by the lofty windows of stained glass, rested on the tall pillars and over the wide aisles, floored with checkered marble. Holy pictures of the saints were set in the glass, and the glory of light dwelt upon them. Here, Christ, who, being divine, could put in one act a thousand purposes, blessed little children; there, restored sight to the blind. In this subdued light, in the dim air, hung the odor of the incense, like the robes the prayers cast off ere they fled to heaven. It was a bright day without, and the world was busy with trade; but here all was peace. Even the voice of the organ was now hushed.

Then the few worshippers left the cathedral softly and solemnly, and, save the priest, who stood, white-robed, at the richly-carved altar, the young man seemed alone. He was behind a massive column, and did not observe a third person. Nor was he observed; for, at best, the light was dim and the pillar shadowed him. He looked up toward the capital of the column, and saw there incense hovering, blue and gauze-like as a spider's new-spun web. The eyes beneath were fairer, bluer,

and more ethereal than any smoke of incense. If the forehead above, being broad, and full, and calm, could only be compared to the sky, then the eyes were two stars set in a firmament of thought, for thought is as measureless as space.

A young girl, plainly dressed, passed along the aisle, and knelt without at a confessional. The priest entered it.

The young man started when he saw the face, for he thought he had never before seen one half so beautiful. Perhaps the uncertain light added to the glamour, yet he watched the kneeler closely. Her eyes were large and lustrous, her hands small—indeed her whole figure was *petite*. He could compare her to nothing but a diamond in a mean setting, or a rose in bloom at a miser's door. Though her voice seemed timid, he detected a Celtic accent, and surmised at once, correctly, that at least one of her parents was of that origin.

"Well, daughter," said the priest, "go on."

"We have had bad luck this week, holy father; for brother has been shot in the arm."

"How did that happen?"

"He was in a boat, he says, chasing a man who had money; for we are poor, and he thought we needed it most. So he was shot in the elbow, and he cries and moans all day, although the doctor has taken out the ball."

"Serves him right, the villain! So he was going to commit a robbery, was he?"

"Yes, father."

"Well, go on."

"I was in a dry-goods store yesterday, and when the clerk had turned his eyes, I slipped a pair of kid-gloves in my pocket, for I had no money to pay for them. Is that a sin, holy father?"

The child-like expression of perfect innocence on the face of the girl attracted the young man, even while he heard from her own lips that she was a thief. The priest's reply was stern and cold:

"Daughter, the holy commandments say, 'Thou shalt not steal.' It means you shall not take even a pin that does not belong to you. You must return the gloves—to-day, if you can. Go back to that store, and when the clerk again turns his eyes, replace what you have stolen."

"I will do as you say, father. I have sinned more than this: I have sinned in thought, for you told me once that it was possible so to sin."

"Well, I absolve thee of all." He placed his white hand on her black hair and blessed her. "Child," he continued, "steal no more. Be truthful and virtuous. Now, tell me you are sorry for all your sins."

"I am very sorry, holy father."

She put on her hood and started from the church, the priest following. He discovered the young man behind the pillar, and stopped and addressed him:

"Have you heard this young girl's confession?"

"I have."

"Then promise me, here, you will never reveal one word of it, or take advantage of it in any way?"

"I promise."

The young man also quitted the cathedral, following the girl. There seemed to be a sort of magnetism that drew him toward her. Her character repulsed him; but her beauty triumphed over all. What, now, did he care if her brother, a few nights before, had attempted to murder him while he was carrying a box away in a boat? He only thought of the sister's loveliness. He overtook her in his walk. She looked up, timidly, and addressed him:

"You heard my confession?"

"Yes."

"You will not tell of it?"

"No, never."

"Do you know my brother?"

"I am the one he attempted to murder."

"Did you shoot him?"

"No; I do not know who shot him."

"I am glad my brother did not hurt you."

"Why?"

"Because you are so splendid."

He laughed.

"Are you going home with me?"

"Yes."

"We live in a poor place."

"Do you work?"

"Yes; I wash the clothes, and keep the house for brother."

"This is the house," she said, at length.

"May I come and see you?"

"Yes; come in the day-time, when brother is not at home."

"You said I was splendid, won't you kiss me?"

"You may kiss me," and she put up a pair of the reddest of lips for the salute.

He bent down, kissing them tenderly, and turned away, but with no news for the *Daily Press* gleaned from that afternoon's ramble.

### IV.—THE RING OF THE TRUE METAL.

THE morning succeeding the adventure at the opera, Miss Lorraine decided to call in person upon Mr. Enderby. So between the hours of ten and eleven her glittering coupé was stopped before the office of the *Daily Press*, and with the assistance of the footman she alighted upon the walk. She was richly dressed, and as she thought, in her most becoming attire. It was somewhat strange that she should be so particular in this respect, when she was only to call upon a poor young man in a dingy street down town.

She ascended the stairs, narrow, and black with dirt, and rapped at a door with the words *Daily Press* in black letters on the ground glass. George Enderby opened the door, and bowed to her very respectfully, if not distantly. Papers in the most abject confusion lay scattered over the floor; books lay piled on the tables and chairs with the utmost contempt for order, and there was a very strong smell of tobacco that Miss Lorraine, like a sensible woman, did not altogether dislike; while a brier-wood pipe, that looked as though it had been through the rebellion, and

was the identical brier-wood owned by a rough, and written of by Charles Dawson Shanley, laid upon a table, and was still smoking. Down-stairs, and in other parts of the building, the presses were clanking and rumbling in a manner that would have delighted the shade of Benjamin Franklin. Save Miss Lorraine, Mr. Enderby was alone in his office.

"I received your note," she began after a pause, and after she had taken a large easy-chair, "and from the circumstances connected with it, I have been induced to overstep all propriety, perhaps, and come and thank you in person for the service rendered me in taking me safely home."

A smile played about the corner of her perfect mouth.

"I found the driver asleep on his seat, and intoxicated, and so changed coats with him. I was quite sure you had noticed me, and I was anxious to get my note in your hand. So you owe me no gratitude. I am very selfish."

"Is it possible the driver was intoxicated! Then perhaps you saved our lives. The team is very spirited. Now, indeed, I have double cause to thank you. You must accept something from me as a reward."

"I beg, Miss Lorraine, that you will excuse me. You owe me no reward, nor thanks even."

The face in the cathedral rose up before his thought, and he remembered he had not even asked its owner's name. While he was talking he decided to go that day to the girl's home and find it out.

"I shall not take no for an answer," said Clara; "you must accept this ring. You will offend me if you do not."

She slipped it from her finger and handed it to him. It was a ring of solid gold, wrought in the shape of a dragon, and the eyes were two scintillant blue diamonds. When Enderby saw it he could not help thinking of Præd's motto for his poem "Lillian,"

"A dragon's tail is flayed to warm  
A headless maiden's heart."

"Since you insist, Miss Lorraine, I will take the ring; but be assured I do not deserve it."

The lady arose to depart. "I shall be very glad to see you at any time you may choose to call," she said.

He bowed, and remarked that he would soon avail himself of her kind invitation.

When Clara entered her carriage, she remembered that though she had been politely treated, she had made all the advances. She was piqued a little at this thought. She expected the poor young man would be ready to fall upon his knees and worship her. For all this she admired him the more. That night she fired a pistol under her father's ear in this wise:

"Papa, I am going to marry!"

"Lawrence has proposed, then?"

"No, sir."

"No?"

"No, sir, he never will. I am going to marry a poor young man."

"This is some trick of yours. You want money of me."

"I am going to marry an editor of the *Daily Press*. As he has no money, I will give him my fifty thousand, and you can give me the hundred thousand you promised me when I married. George and I can get along with this, I think, providing you will help us a little now and then."

"You do not mean this, Clara?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, you know what I have always said: When my daughter wished to marry, I would never interfere with her. Your husband, whoever he is, shall be received as my son."

She put her arms about his neck and kissed him tenderly.

"Now, papa, let me tell you the truth. The young man has not even proposed to me, yet I wanted your consent, so that I could accept him if he should."

Her father smiled, and said, as he returned the kiss, "Your state-manship reminds me of the truism from Boecæio, 'Unless you take time a little beforehand, you cannot so well provide for what is to come.'"

After Miss Lorraine had left the office of the *Daily Press*, Enderby took hat and cane and sauntered out, intending to call upon the young girl whose confession he had overheard in the cathedral. He soon found her door. She seemed overjoyed to see him. As he had walked along he had weighed her against Clara Lorraine, and the balance stood in her favor. "This girl," he said, "is a perfect child. I will educate her, and make her good. I want some one to love me. Even gratitude will make her do that. Miss Lorraine has been attracted by my manner. It is merely a flickering fancy that will soon die out. As for her wealth, I do not care for that." He took the girl's hand.

"Tell me your name."

"Rose Carr."

"Would you not like to live here, Rose, and go to school?"

"What would become of brother?"

"Oh, he could board anywhere."

"Would you help him to money?"

"Certainly."

"Then I would like to go."

"Well, I will find a school for you, and when I come again, will let you know about it."

Enderby had not worn the ring that Clara had given him, but had placed it in his vest pocket. Rose came and stood near him, resting her delicate hand upon his shoulder. The hand thrilled him. Its owner was indeed beautiful; a brunette with mischievous black eyes, and with a form small, but as perfect as a sylph's. When he promised to send her to school, she leaned down and kissed him.

He put his hand in his pocket for Clara's ring, after he had returned to his office, and found it was not there.

He felt very sorry he had lost it.

The next day he secured a school for his protégé, and saw her installed therein. The same evening he called upon Miss Lorraine. She appeared greatly pleased to see him, welcoming him with great cordiality. He was introduced to her father, and that gentleman seemed very much interested in him from the first. It was a tax to his wits to evade all the questions concerning his parentage, birthplace and life, but Enderby succeeded very well.

Clara was as radiant in his presence as a flower in the sunlight; and if he had only admired her at first, he felt now that he could love her. Surely she was very kind to him, and had even gone beyond her place to form his acquaintance. It was evident Rose had not made a very lasting impression. So that night when he returned to his home he thought of Clara only, having discovered how sincere she was, and how well she thought of him. He called on her several times after this, and was always received warmly. When at last the full force of the truth came to him that he truly loved her, and that she was inseparable from his happiness, he resolved to set his life upon a cast, and propose. The day this resolve was taken Mr. Eldred Lawrence, who had been treated somewhat coolly of late by Miss Lorraine, called upon the lady. He had on a previous evening enjoyed an introduction to Mr. Enderby, in whom he recognized at once his quondam coachman. Mr. Lawrence walked to Miss Lorraine and placed a ring in her hand.

"Is not that your ring, Miss Lorraine?"

It was a gold ring, wrought in the form of a dragon, and its eyes were two blue diamonds. Clara examined it carefully, while a cold pallor overspread her face. On the inside of the ring were the initials of her name.

"This was mine once; where did you obtain it, Mr. Lawrence?"

"Why, I was passing a pawnbroker's shop the other day, and I noticed it in the window. I was struck at once with its similarity to a ring I had noticed upon your hand, and so went in to examine it, when, judge of my surprise at finding your initials in it. I redeemed it immediately, and have brought it to you, begging that you will accept it."

"I thank you, but I must refuse, unless you will allow me to return you what you paid for it."

"I beg of you, Miss Lorraine, not to think of such a thing. It is only a trivial amount, not worth naming."

"Please to state it."

"I decline."

"Mr. Lawrence, excuse me," and she rose, about to quit the room.

"A truce, Miss Lorraine; the sum was one hundred dollars."

Clara drew the bell-knob, and Bishop appeared. "Go to papa, and tell him I want his check for one hundred dollars."

The maid returned directly with the paper, which was handed to Lawrence. For the rest of the evening Clara was more pleasant to him than she had been for a long time, and to him the hours seemed to slip away as if shod with the fairy's silver shoes of fleetness.

Clara went to her boudoir and wept—wept for her idol dethroned. She had hoped to raise Enderby to her station in society—she had hoped by this to gain his love for herself alone; but how widely she had erred; how bitterly was she deceived. Even the ring she had given him he had basely pawned away. She resolved she would not see him again; yet with the resolution came a deep heart-yearning, that, like a tornado, swept over her existence, leaving it desolate. The sense of duty is parent of many troubles in all affairs of the heart. So Clara's resolution was taken, and that evening when Enderby called with a proposal on his lips, and with sure victory he thought before him, he was greeted with a note by the hand of the deputy, Bishop, and informed that Miss Clara had a previous engagement.

The young man went to his house heavy at heart, and found the note to be a decree of exile. There was no explanation; only the sharp, cold words refusing further interviews.

He took up his pipe and smoked; walked abstractedly up and down the floor; read a few lines in a new book, but could not rest. Clara's face haunted him. He wondered what influence had been brought to bear upon her, that she cast him off, when, by a hundred ways, she had proved she loved him. He tried to think of something he might have said to offend her; he asked himself what he had done to cause the change; but all to no purpose. He came to the belief at the end of his reverie that she was a mere flirt, who had caught him in her web, and was now tired of him. Yet he confessed he loved her for all that.

Rose Carr's brother was dead. She was progressing rapidly at school, and was now more than ever dependent upon Enderby. He blamed himself somewhat that her brother was shot; and took a more decided interest in her, perhaps, on that account. She was very beautiful, and for that he could not but admire her; but he doubted now he could ever love her. Yet if she loved him, what more was necessary? he asked himself.

### V.—BISHOP BUST.

SO MONTHS fled away, and strange as it may appear, Clara's father seemed deeply to regret the absence of Enderby. He had found a young man that he admired for both mental and personal attractions, and he was anxious for his daughter's happiness. He was sure there must be some mistake about the ring. Two weeks after Clara had forbidden Enderby the house, the old gentleman decided, if only for the sake of settling his own mind, that he would see the young man himself in relation to the affair. He called at the office of the *Daily Press*. It had been sold out to other parties; nothing was known of the previous editor's whereabouts.



Bishop was a maid of perhaps twenty-eight summers, remarkable for nothing but a violent temper, a frowzy complexion, auburn (i. e., red) hair, and her devotion to her mistress. And Bishop was busy. Bishop was always busy when there was a party on the tapis; and busy in proportion to the magnificence of the occasion. This was a kind of ratio that she understood thoroughly.

So Bishop was busy, because there was to be a great party at a great house; and only the elite of the city were invited. All the afternoon Bishop had worked at Clara's hair, doing it up à la Grec. No problem in chess half so difficult of solution as some of the intricacies of this same hair. Bishop, like old players, never made a move before she had deliberated long and deeply. She would step away from the chess-board, so to speak of hair, and watch the position of the well-crimped tuft, or a wax flower, as though they were knight or castle; then going back, would move one piece again with the utmost care.

Bishop's chief delight was derived after the balls and parties had transpired. Then Clara would tell her of the dresses of the different ladies, and she would listen with the keenest pleasure, making some very original and piquant remarks. There are some men who care to know only of horses; this woman cared but to know of dress. Her memory was only retentive on this one subject, and in time her brain was crammed with the ghosts of old fashions. She however kept pace with the new, and as the new is ever a repetition of the old in all things, she never lagged behind.

Clara and her father went to the Grahame party together. Of course there were many present, but the rooms were large and not crowded. If there was a galaxy of beautiful women here, Clara was the evening star. The dancing had commenced before they arrived. As they went upstairs, they heard—

"The flute, violin, bassoon,"

and caught a breath of the perfumed air, and saw, where a door was thrown open, the sheen of a thousand diamonds shed on fair women and brave men.

The house was elegant in all its appointments. The wood-work, inside and out, was of black walnut. It was a brownstone building, not less than one hundred feet square. With the basement, there were four stories and a half. The furniture was of the richest material. Canaries hung here and there in alcoves; and the mirrors were large and heavy, giving a double appearance to all the rooms.

Clara and her father descended to the parlors, and greeted host and hostess. Not long after, the young lady was dancing a staid quadrille with Lawrence. Her father moved off in search of congenial gentlemen and a quieter nook. He was introduced to a person, with whom he had some immediate conversation. A man standing with his back to the parties overheard so much of their talk as is written here.

"Is it possible! I am glad to see you."

"Is your daughter well?"

"Very well, sir, I thank you, indeed. She is here to-night. Allow me to call her."

"No; she is dancing now."

"Oh! by-the-way, I regret that matter of the ring. Will you not explain it?"

"I do not comprehend you, sir."

"Why, that ring Clara thinks you pawned; a dragon ring, I believe, with blue diamonds for eyes. Young Lawrence found it in a pawnbroker's shop and redeemed it."

"This is the explanation then of the mystery."

"Was it a mystery?"

"Yes; but I thank you more than I can express for your frankness. The ring was undoubtedly stolen from me and pawned."

Enderby understood all at once. Rose, unable to overcome her thievish propensities, had taken the ring from his pocket, and her brother had pawned it. This sealed her fate; he would never marry her now. It is perhaps just as well that he came to this decision, for a week after, when he went to settle her quarterly bill, he found she had eloped with a son of the principal of the institute. He was both pleased and piqued at this denouement; but laughed over it, when, soon after, he received a letter from her, stating that she was happy, and that she thanked him truly for all he had done for her.

Now a bevy of ladies pressed about him, and he was carried into the whirlpool of the dance. It was evident he was the lion of the evening. He was dressed, not in the extreme of the fashion, but in cloth of the finest texture, and with the nicest taste. On the collar of his coat was a ribbon and a jeweled star of gold, the badge of some order or office. After the music had ceased at the end of the waltz, Clara Lorraine was led to him to be introduced.

"Lord Stanmore, Miss Clara Lorraine."

He took her white gloved hand and bowed, never changing a muscle of his face. She, on the contrary, was confused, and a rich blush

"Up to her temples crept,  
Like a wild vine with faint red roses set."

"Are you not George Enderby?"

She spoke hurriedly and low.

"Yes, George Enderby and Lord Stanmore, one and the same."

He drew her arm in his, and they repaired to the conservatory, where there was no one to intrude.

For him this party had been given. For him Bishop had been busy. Little had Clara expected this surprise. She looked on Enderby as lost to her; now she was near him and happy.

"Your father has told me all," he said, "about the ring. It was stolen from me. The night I was forbidden to call upon you any more, I intended to offer you my hand. I hope it may not yet be too late. I have loved you from the night I saw you at the opera."

"I have always loved you, for you are my ideal of manhood. I have waited for you until now."

"You have made me very happy. A year ago

I left England, determined never to return; now I shall go back with my bride. There is one heart true yet, though friends and relations prove false. This is all I sought by my disguise."

Of course Stanmore and Clara were married, and Bishop had the busiest day in her life. The box of gold plate and jewels that had been secreted under a brow of the Palisades was brought into requisition at the wedding, and the bride was almost loaded down with diamonds.

The happy pair went for a short trip up the Hudson. Clara's father stood on the end of the pier and watched the trim steamer, until far up the river she disappeared in a curve of the stream. So, too, they go from our vision, and the sayer has said.

### HITS AT HUMBUGS.

If life has its sweets, it also has its bitters—as anybody may learn by reading the advertisements of those popular compounds on the walls and fences everywhere. There are few greater humbugs than bitters. They are announced as being positive remedies for every disorder and accident to which the human creature is liable. Everybody must know that this is a humbug, but on this very account everybody believes in bitters with an intensity of faith that is almost, if not quite, contagious. When a man rises with a headache the first thing he calls for is bitters; and so he does when he falls with a broken leg. Then, when he has ruined his stomach with the odious compounds, and become a confirmed dyspeptic, he seizes a pen, and writes letters to the proprietors of the poison, somewhat in the following style:

"GENTS.—Life was a burden to me for years. I was troubled with a singing in my chest, a wheezing in my head, a chattering in my bones, and a rumbling in my teeth. Meditating suicide one day, I swallowed a pint of what I supposed to be laudanum. Judge of my astonishment, then, gentle, when, instead of expiring upon the spot, as I had expected, I felt a delicious glow of health returning to my blighted frame. Instead of laudanum the draught swallowed by me proved to be



your inestimable O. P. Q. double X Bitters. They did the business for me complete. You should see me now, what a picture of happiness I am as I pen these lines. Gents, I care not who makes the laws for my country, but, by thunder, I go in six rows deep for the man who makes its bitters! Yours, etc., etc."

This is a very irreverent age, and there is something absolutely revolting in the way modern doctors have of considering the human organization. They speak of the body as one might speak of an old piano-stool, or a cast off shoe. They even profess to make old people over again, as tailors make over old coats. "Old eyes made new," reminds one of the peripatetic glaziers, "Glass 't put on!" It suggests a man with a bar, perambulating the streets and crying, "Any old eyes to mend?" And it suggests an increased demand for blind men's dogs of a fancy description, like the one



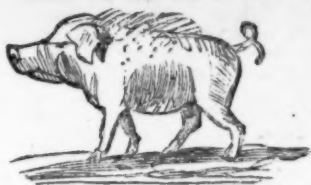
in the annexed cut. Every person will need a dog to guide him during the dark hours when his eyes are in the wash.

But what shall be said of that stupendous humbug the Mandrake pill? We have no idea what a mandrake is, but it must be a very prolific kind of duck to lay such myriads of eggs as those that are sold under the name of Mandrake pills, with which no end of people make ducks and mandrakes of their interiors. This design is intended to convey



OUR IDEA OF A MANDRAKE.

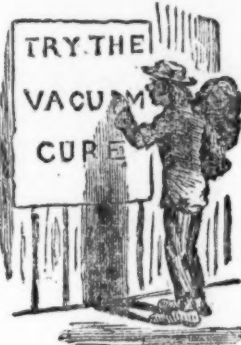
The nostrums for bringing out hair upon bald heads constitute, perhaps, one of the most successful of humbugs. As for bear's grease, even if druggists did make it up, we have no faith in its recuperative properties. But it is to a quadruped of quite another species that we are indebted for the pomade in question. So that, if there were really any fertilizing power



THIS IS THE "BEAR."

in animal grease as applied to the human head, many a man whom we know would have bristles on his—as he ought to.

Some doctors profess to cure all maladies by means of what they call the "vacuum cure." A vacuum, in one sense, is a malady in itself, and if they can cure a vacuum with a vacuum, why then their homeopathic triumph is complete. Some persons suffer from vacuum in the head; it is a much commoner malady than rush of brains, let us tell you. Can the vacuists cure this? There is another form of vacuum to which people are sometimes liable, and which we will back the butcher to cure much more successfully than the vacuist. See this shivering wretch, and hear him speak:



"Vacuum cure?—I wonder now if that means meat and drink? I have been liable to vacuum of my interior this many a day. Guess a vacuum won't cure that! No, no; none of your vacuums. Give me a good blow out!"

Another jolly humbug is Mrs. Doctor Philipponder. Imagine "Mrs. Doctor," to begin with! Why doesn't she put Enquire after her name? She talks a deal about her woman's rights, but never seems to suspect that she is infringing upon men's. How is she at post-mortem examinations? It would be nice to have a wife



POST-MORTAL EXAMINATION.

who could cut you up scientifically when you were dead, and know how to put your heart and other vitals back in their right places again. And then you should have no milliners' bills to pay. But how about the sailors, and the batters, and the bootmakers, and the surgical instrument-makers, and their bills? Well, of course, you would have to liquidate them; and yet might consider yourself well off if you had not to pay all the mortuary and funeral expenses of your wife's patients, besides.

It is a common bit of vernacular to say of anything that may be set down as a humbug, that "it won't wash." Now we all know that paper collars won't wash, ergo, the paper collar is a humbug. Don't you perceive the logic here? We once thought of starting a newspaper to be called the Paper Collar, but as it occurred to us that it mightn't wash, we didn't start it. Had we done so we would have collared all our matter from the other papers—as the other papers do.



A PAPER COLLAR.

Hurdle-racing is a humbug, and ought to be put a stop to by the authorities until people have learnt to ride. It is quite a mistake to suppose that anybody may succeed as a



GENTLEMAN RIDER.

Like the poet, the jockey is born, not manufactured to order. It is true that one cannot learn to swim without going into deep water, and to achieve proficiency in horsemanship one must, of course, occasionally venture to mount a horse. But it is a mistake for a man to suppose that he can ride hurdle-races because he can canter a lively stable horse through Central Park without falling off.

Santa Claus is a humbug, and an arrant old humbug

"at that." On the children of the rich he bestows his gifts with lavish hand; while, to the children of the



SANTA CLAUS WITH THE CHILDREN OF THE RICH.

poor he gives nothing but sour looks and tart replies.



SANTA CLAUS AND THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

Fashion has always been a humbug from the earliest times. It is safe to suppose that when nothing but fig-leaves were worn, fashion had much to do with the shape and color of that article of dress. One fashionable fig-leafist would prefer his leaf a little on the autumnal turn in color, and there would be a rush to secure such leaves immediately. Others would prefer the vernal green, and grow their fig-trees in hot-houses to preserve their verdure all the year round. The newest folly here in ladies' dress is the exaggerated ribbon, tied behind the waist in a tremendous bow.



Even the microscopic black-and-tan—odious little beast!—comes in for his share of blue ribbon; at least we saw an example of this in Broadway, a few days since, and have commemorated it in the sketch annexed.

And in masculine costume, too, fashion and humbug are going hand-and-glove. The very short jackets that are worn by the men, and the very tight pantaloons, impart a strange, stork-like appearance to nine-tenths of the wearers. The other tenth, being dumpy, cannot, of course, be stork-like. That section shall have its comparison, though, if we must sit up all night to devise it. The dumpy person in jacket and tights, then, reminds us more of a prize pumpkin, supported on two bananas, than anything else we can think of just now. But for a queer figure, commend us to Storkey; and here is a sketch of him as we saw him by the sea-side last August, gazing pensively out upon the palpitating main.



THE EXACT "HEIGHT OF FASHION."

JESTS.—With regard to the sagacity of animals, everybody we suppose knows Mr. Jingle's story of Ponto, who would not enter on a plantation because of the board which set forth that all dogs found within the enclosure would be shot. A correspondent sends us the following, which is perhaps as good: "We once owned a small, beautiful black-and-tan terrier, and while residing a year or two since for a few months at a favorite summer resort, a most magnificent Newfoundland dog, the property of an ex-Governor and prominent politician, residing a mile or two distant, was in the habit of visiting our house almost daily. One day our little dog was missing. Being a special favorite her loss was seriously felt. Advertisements were published in the newspapers, and handbills circulated, offering a liberal reward for her return. Whether or not Mr. Newfoundland saw and read them we are not prepared to say; but one forenoon he came trotting up the street, carefully holding Mistress 'Yat' by the nape of her neck as a fond rooth-r-cat does her kittens. Reaching the servants' door of the house, and waiting till it was opened, he walked in and deposited his charge in the kitchen, gravely nodded his head, wagged his tail, and quietly left, not even intimating a claim for the reward."

CLEANLINESS of person promotes health of body, and this in turn naturally begets purity of mind and moral elevation. Such persons are quite as much concerned in having the inner and unseen as tidy and as clean as the outer and the visible; they are pure from principle, not policy.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman; the foundation of political happiness is confidence in the integrity of man; the foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is reliance on the goodness of God.





THE FIRE OF ST. JOHN, IN ALSATIA, FRANCE.

## THE FIRE OF ST. JOHN, ALSATIA.

The engraving herewith represents a legendary ceremony which now exists, and has long existed, among the peasants of Alsatia, since the time of which man's recollection runneth not to the contrary. This ceremony is faithfully carried on by the villagers as part of the festival of St. John's day. The young people seem to enjoy the salutary exercise, and it would not be a great stretch of the imagination to suppose that this couple that we see hand-in-hand expected to pass their lives together. Alsatia is the old German name of the two French provinces now called the departments of the upper and lower Rhine. The people inhabiting it have many odd fancies and a terrible language, being a commingling of the guttural German with the nasal French, which cannot be well understood by either French or Germans.

## THE SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

The engraving of this statuette is a singularly faithful interpretation of the beauties of Mr. Rogers' latest work in clay. In his previous works, from "Taking the Oath," which was the first, to this, the last, there is not one which is not essentially American, and as full of our peculiarities as possible.

Look at the quizzical expression on the face of the examiner; he has evidently asked an unexpected question, and from the puzzled look of the child we look with pleasure on the assuring smile of the teacher, relieved to gather therefrom the certainty that if the pupil will only think well about the question, she will answer it correctly. And here we see the affectionate relation existing between pupil and teacher. The kind hand resting on her shoulder tells a tale of quiet sympathy under the trial that must surely tend to calm excitement, and render the subject more positive of the correctness of her own knowledge.

## GENERAL MENABREA.

GENERAL MENABREA is the new Italian Premier, or chief officer under the King of Italy, and his



THE SCHOOL EXAMINATION, MR. JOHN ROGERS' NEW STATUETTE.

appointment is very distasteful to the Italian people, notwithstanding that the new incumbent has plainly declared that the temporal power of the Pope is incompatible with the tranquillity and welfare of the Kingdom of Italy, and has urged a prompt solution of the Roman question. He promises to the Pope "defense, veneration, splendor, and independence and liberty," and it is very possible to secure these comforts, and at the same time satisfy Italy. It is not a new idea, that to the Pontiff should be given the independence and irresponsibility of the highest imaginable diplomatic position. He might have his court, his vatican, his park, his church, even his port, where he should be beyond interference, and as independent as any earthly sovereign, sacred as an ambassador from heaven, if he would only consent. Otherwise, there will be continual trouble in Italy, for the Italians are determinedly inflexible upon one point alone, which they will never give up, and which is, that no portion of the nation, however small, no town or village, however few its houses, or scanty the population, shall be under the temporary power of priests.

## ASHLEY.

WHAT the sun is to the earth Douglass Welch was to me; and no night was ever so dark and gloomy as was my life when I shut his face away. Stern, reserved, and even harsh as he sometimes seemed to others, he was the soul of gentleness to me, loving me with the whole of his strong, manly heart, and caring for me with the most devoted tenderness.

Nothing is so sweet to a lonely woman as to feel her self beloved like this; and nothing would have been so sweet to me as to have looked into his pleading eyes, and said, "Yes, I will be your wife;" but too well I knew that such words, if they ever came from my lips, must not be said to such as he. Our positions were too far apart, and our stations were too separate, to be ever bridged by human love; and I knew long before he asked me to be his, that when the question did come, we must meet no more.

It would have been useless for me to have tried not to love him. I did not try. All was his that my poor heart had to give. I suppose he knew it. It was little matter if he did, since he also knew that my pride was equal to my love, and that I could no more be moved from my purpose to never call him mine, than the hills could be moved from their places upon the unyielding earth.

"But I am certain you love me, Lizzie," he said, calmly, after I had told him of my determination. "Be just as certain that I shall leave you," I answered.

"You are strong, I know; but, after all, you are human, and must have love." "I have had it," I replied, unflinchingly; "and I can now give it up, when I know that I must."

"You will not take it always?" His tones were tender and beseeching—so tender, that it seemed worse than death for me to turn away, and never listen to his dear voice again. He saw that I wavered, and he was quick to improve it.

"I have been kind to you, Lizzie."

"What a temptation it was!"

"And I have a pleasant home awaiting you," he went on, more cheerfully. "We should be so happy!"

I felt the color die out of my cheeks and lips, but answered, steadily:

"Nevertheless, I cannot be yours. The world shall never throw contempt upon you for my sake."

I have an indistinct remembrance of our parting; but I was myself a few hours afterward, and then I hastily made arrangements to leave the place.

Away, away from Douglass Welch. That would be my only salvation. If half the world lay out between us, all the better for both. But how dreary the world looked to me after all! It is such a weary thing for a

woman to face the world alone! It is so much easier to shut one's eyes, and slip out of life, and be done for ever with all its aches and pains!

I went to Ashwood as governess.

A year I had been there, I think, when Mrs. Parkes's sister, Gertrude, came down to spend the holidays. She was a handsome woman, stately as a queen; and yet, with all her stateliness, she was gentle and kind as any angel could be. For a wonder, I liked her. She talked to me as friend speaks to friend, and seemed entirely to ignore the fact that I was not her acknowledged equal. She was to be married the ensuing spring, so she told me; and I remembered how lustrous her eyes grew as she spoke of it. I thought then how happy the man must be who had won her heart.

There were to be many guests on Christmas Eve, and then Gertrude's lover was coming. I did not care about going down among the crowd; but Mrs. Parkes insisted upon it, and Gertrude laughingly said that she would not allow me to see her lover if I did not; so at last I consented to take my share in the gayeties.

Toward the middle of the evening, and when the rooms were getting crowded, I saw Gertrude enter the door, leaning upon a gentleman's arm. I knew it was her lover; but until that moment, heaven help me! I did not know that her lover was Douglass Welch.

The room grew dark before me; and I think I should have given way had not Mrs. Parkes called me to my senses by coming up at that instant, and asking me to play.

I did not wait for a second bidding. Perhaps, after all, I had been deceived. It might not be Douglass Welch. I could not think that it could be; it was such a cruel thing to believe! I dared not take another look; but crossing the room quickly, I sat down at the piano, and took up some music.

Something I played—I never could tell what—until I heard Gertrude's voice close beside me.

"Let some one take your place," she said. "Douglass has come."

I could have struck the smiling woman, as she whispered the name in my ear. Her Douglass! I rose.

"This is Mr. Welch—"

She began a formal introduction, but he interrupted her.

"Elizabeth!" he gasped out.

I had had time to collect myself a little, and therefore had the advantage of him. I knew my face was white—Gertrude must see that—but my voice was steady and clear as I looked up, and said, "How do you do, Mr. Welch?"

Then, turning to Gertrude, I added, "Mr. Welch and I have met before."

She was too proud and kind to notice our confusion, singular as it must have seemed to her, and said, at once, "I am so glad you are acquainted. It will be very pleasant for us."

I doubted it somewhat, but said nothing in reply. She introduced him to others standing near, and I turned again to the piano. I watched him the rest of the evening, but without seeming to do so. He had not changed. His face was as handsome and as proud as ever, and he seemed, I thought, a little less reserved than usual to the company.

Once only, our eyes met. I could have cried out in

very agony. I clutched my hands together until the nails cut into the flesh, and shut my teeth tightly, lest some of the storm that was raging within should escape me. That he was also suffering, I well knew. Every expression of his face I understood; and looking into that, I could see that there was agony in his soul as well as in mine.

The night that followed was a long one to me. As soon as the faintest indications of dawn began to appear, I dressed hurriedly, and went down into the library. A dim light was burning; and in a large chair before the fire, his face buried in his hands, sat Douglass Welch. I had quite crossed the room before I saw him; then I turned quickly, and was hastening back, when he sprang up, rushed past me, slammed to the door before me, and stood against it.

"So," he said, looking at me steadily with his great wide-open eyes—"so you cannot sleep either!"

"I had better go," I said.

"You are not going now, Lizzie," he replied.

"Gertrude!" I cried, wildly. "Oh! think of her. It would kill her to doubt you. Let me out."

He took my hand in his, and, forcing me into a chair, took another, and sat down in it beside me.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"What should I mean?" I retorted.

"I don't think that either of us know quite what we are talking of. First, how long have you been here?"

"A year."

"I never knew it."

"Of course not."

"You are not yet tired of your life?"

"Hush!" I had risen from my chair. "I will not hear such words."

He took my arm roughly. "You shall hear them. Sit down."

He was not in a mood to be trifled with. Neither was I.

"If you detain me against my will, you are no gentleman."

"Gentleman or no gentleman, you will remain; and, as sure as heaven, you shall be my promised wife before either of us go out of yonder door."

I laughed in his face.

"I am not a Mormon yet."

His eyes flashed.

"Beware of your words."

"Then, if you like it better, I am not in the habit of promising to marry

a man who already has another betrothed to him."

He grasped my arm again.

"It is false!"

"You are bound to Gertrude Heath."

"Is that what you mean?" a sudden recognition of the truth coming to him. "My brother is engaged to her; not I."

He gathered me in his arms without another word; and I was only too glad to throw down all my pride and all my fears, and give him the required promise.



GEN. MENABREA, THE NEW ITALIAN PRIME MINISTER.

That morning, Gertrude's real lover arrived, the mistake was explained, and Douglass presented to them his promised wife.

When the next springtime came, there was a double wedding at Ashley, and Gertrude and I have for many years spent the holidays at the dear old place.

A GOOD story is told in the London *Daily News* of the awkward consequences of "cooking" history for educational purposes in France. M. Duruy, the Minister of Public Instruction, happened at a school examination to put a lad to the stock test: What are some of the principal events of the present reign for which France should be grateful to the Emperor? "The Mexican Expedition and the Credit Mobilier," promptly returned the boy, to the horror of the Minister and consternation of the schoolmaster, who was afraid he would be held responsible for the unfortunate reply. The Minister left hurriedly, perhaps afraid to pursue his inquiries, and as soon as he was gone, the master gave the boy a severe caning. Upon this the boy's father summoned the schoolmaster before a Commission of Police for an assault on his son, and in the course of the judicial proceedings, it came out that in M. Duruy's modern history of France, published for the use of schools, the Mexican Expedition and the creation of the Credit Mobilier are mentioned among the great acts of the reign. The boy, therefore, answered M. Duruy's question in M. Duruy's own words. But then the official history was written a year or two since.

HASTE not to get rich, for death stalketh abroad at all hours, and will encounter thee unawares. The high, the low, the poor, and affluent, the righteous as well as the unrighteous, are all alike to death, for his inexorable scythe levels all social distinctions.



HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.

HOME INCIDENTS. &c.

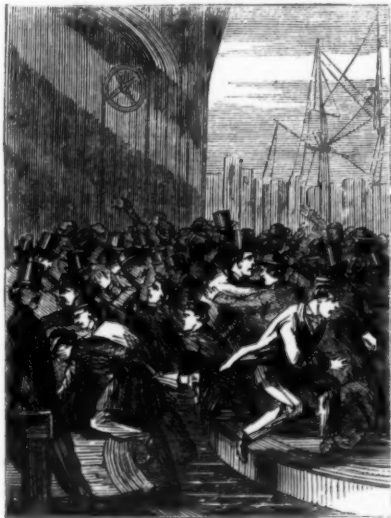
Nuisances of the Streets of New York City.

We devote this page to the nuisances of the streets of New York, by which every citizen of New York City has been annoyed more or less. The cooerage nuisance is the natural result of carrying on a business in an unsuitable place. The workman, only intent on properly securing the box or barrel, is perfectly indifferent as to the whereabouts of the other end of his hoop, and occupies the whole of the sidewalk for the time being to the exclusion of all pedestrians. The next picture represents the moment before a ferry-boat touches the dock of New York. Each passenger gets as near the edge of the boat as possible, and when the boat approaches within five feet of the dock, they jump ashore as though the boat were on the verge of sinking. The would-be passengers, also, jump on board the boat before it is secured, and immediately walk to the furthest end of it, as though New York were stricken with cholera. The boat arrived at her destination, the farce is re-enacted. About every day adventurous individuals find a cold bath, there being but small danger of drowning, as the leesees of the ferries hang ropes from the



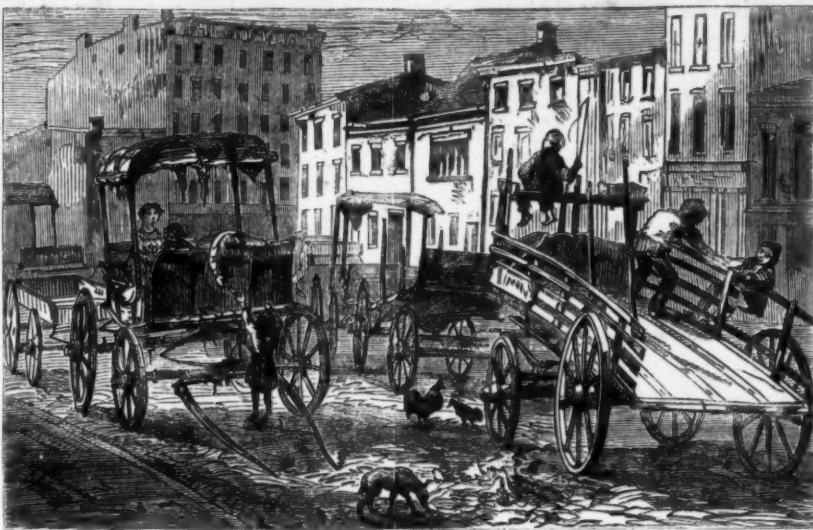
THE COOPERAGE AND BOX NUISANCE.

dock to below low-water-mark, for the express benefit of these unfortunates. The obstruction of the streets by wagons and trucks is of very common occurrence, and is generally clearly traceable to the extreme stupidity of the drivers, who seem to become paucist-stricken at small difficulties, and so stop the line of travel and block the crossings till the nearest policeman with his whip disentangles the author of the trouble and sends him on his way rejoicing. Not always does this occur from stupidity; sometimes the driver, from some feeling of private spite, locks wheels with a rival, and goes to the station-house to meditate more successful vengeance. The streets lining the waterfront and leading to the docks are filled with store-houses and wholesale stores of every description, which discharge their wares into trucks by the aid of "Skids," which are composed of two parallel bars of wood which extend from the store to the wagon, compelling the foot-passengers to seek the dangers of the roadway if he would proceed. The sidewalk traffic is gradually encroaching upon the space necessary for passersby. In the neighborhood of Fulton market and Vesey street, one is compelled to walk at a snail's pace, if he be so unfortunate as to have business calling him to that neighborhood. But the business is not circumscribable in the narrow limits above mentioned. Appie-



THE JUMPING MANIA AT THE FERRIES.

women and toy-venders, with chestnut-dealers and peanut-sellers, line Broadway from the Battery to Grace Church. The stranger in New York had better not venture down-town during the half-hour from twelve M. to half-past, unless at the price of a new hat, and our next sketch, BASEBALL IN THE STREETS, will show the reason. When duly invited to witness a match-game with refreshments, the writer of this can express as much enthusiasm for "The National Game" as any other man, but thinks that flying balls are out of place in the streets of New York. One reading the above would think that if the skid nuisance was so bad, it would be corrected. The fact of the matter is, that a proprietor of a store can gain permission from the city to back up a truck across the sidewalk, thus interrupting all the passage, and driving the pedestrian to the verge of destruction and the middle of the street, on payment of ten dollars to the Councilman of his district, ten more to the Alderman, and ten more to the nephew of Mayor Hoffman, at the City Hall, and ten to the City, for which I let amount he gets a receipt and permit. Each autumn sends forth target companies by the score, or more, who stop cars, stages, wagons and all, while they proudly bear the Fenian flag to some park in the vicinity and back again.



OBSTRUCTION OF THE STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY, WITH CARTS, WAGONS, TRUCKS ETC.

A PICTURE OF RUSSIA.—For mile after mile the train went creeping on—our average pace, I should say, was fifteen miles an hour—through immense stunted forests. The pine woods of Poland are dismal, but they were interspersed. The earth was dun-colored, covered with dark mosses and lichens. All through the woods, there lay charred and blackened stumps; there was water everywhere—not running brooks or



THE "SKID" NUISANCE.



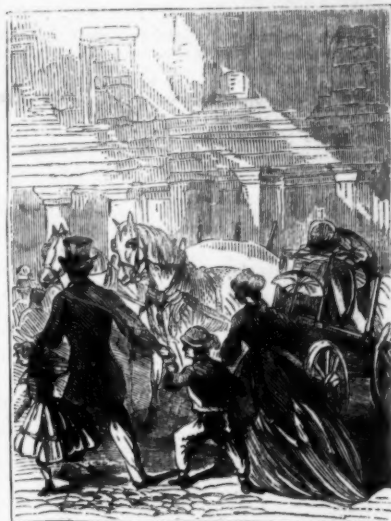
SIDEWALK TRAFFIC ON VESSEY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

they are cheerful compared to those endless larch forests, half-swamps, half-plantations. The bare white stalks of the larch and the silver birch stood gaunt and grim by the side of the squat fir-trees amidst which clear streams, but dark pools surrounded with dank weeds, and gloomy meres with stacks of black turf piled beside them. The woods appeared well-nigh tenantless; a few wild-fowl hovered about the marshes; I saw



BASE BALL IN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK CITY.

a hare or two startled from the ferns by the rattle of the train; water-rats could be seen stealing down to the edge of the pools; but other life there was none. When you left the forest for a time, and got out into the cleared country, the aspect was not more cheerful. The bare fields were half-covered with boulders of gray round stone; the soil looked sodden with wet—it seemed hard to believe any crops could ever grow there; the field-roads were black tracks of earth, mashed down by horses' feet; every now and then, you saw a herd of black pigs, or a few lean oxen, guarded by a peasant clad in sheepskin so dirty as to have become the same color as the sombre fields; in the distance, there were low wooden huts or sheds, which, I suppose, were villages, but from which no smoke issued; heaps of dead soaked hay could be seen stacked together loosely; in the fields themselves there were pools without end, fringed with rows of bare bulrush stalks. Half a dozen times within the day, I caught sight of a town with minaret towers, which, I presume, were those of churches. Twice, I think, we passed a chateau, with white-washed Corinthian pillars, and a stucco facade, cracked and weather-stained. But the general impression left by the fleeting glances I caught of such things



TRUCKS LOADING ON THE SIDEWALKS.

in passing was one of extreme desolation. There were points of resemblance, indeed, between this cheerless landscape and the half-cleared settlements of Western America, but there was this important difference: in the latter case, you see at once that the wilderness is being brought into cultivation; in Russia, it looks as if the forest and swamp were gaining ground upon the settler.

DIPSOMANIA.—A celebrated English physician, of the time of our grandfathers, made his first step on the professional ladder to fortune and fame thus: While waiting for patients, and losing patience, he sought consolation in good-fellowship, which in those times implied hard drinking. One fine evening, when deep in his second or third bottle of port, he was suddenly called on by a gentleman in a very fine livery to visit a great lady who had been taken suddenly ill. The eminent Sir ——— was not to be found, and the nearest doctor must be fetched instantly. Poor Q.—that was our friend—did not know what to do. Here was a chance; but what a state he was in to avail himself of it! But Q. was a man of courage, not one to let an opportunity slip through his fingers; so he plunged



TARGET COMPANIES OBSTRUCTING THE STREET RAILWAYS.

his face into cold water, braced up his nerves, and followed his conductor, not too steadily.

Away they went, through thick and thin, To a tall house, near Lincoln's Inn.

There the wondering Q. was led up a spacious staircase (see that particular chapter in all the sensation novels) and at last to the bedside of his beautiful patient. Poor Q. was not sobered by all the fine things he had seen, but was made rather worse. He fumbled and blundered in trying to find the pulse of the invalid; he wavered and stammered; and, at last, overcome by despair and tipsiness, exclaimed, clasping his burning brow, "Drunk, by the Lord!" The witty and beautiful Lady ——— turned gently round on her silken couch, and seized his trembling hand in her glowing fingers. "Right, dear doctor," murmured the lovely sufferer, "in broken accents. 'Alas! it is too true! Your manly heart will never, I feel assured, permit you to betray a confidence reposed in you by a feeble woman in the hour of distress; so, pray don't mention it!' The doctor did not, and so made his fortune.

AN evidence of the popularity of the fashionable sleighs used last winter is the fact that no novelties have yet been introduced for the present season. A few



Improvements in the way of painting and trimming have been made, but the styles remain unaltered. The Portland sleigh, which is a special favorite with the Bostonians, maintains its leading position, and is not likely to have any formidable rival during the approaching carnival. This sleigh is designed expressly for trotting purposes, and will accommodate two persons. It is the lightest specimen of its class, having an average weight of seventy pounds, and, with a proper degree of care, is as durable as the clumsy, lumbering sleds in which our grandparents jogged along to church. The peculiarities of this style are that the horse is as near to the driver as when attached to a carriage, and that the seat is considerably higher than ordinary ones, so that the driver has more control over his horse in case of an accident. The Pony sleigh, made after the Albany pattern, comes next, and is decidedly the most comfortable one in use. It is intended to carry four persons, and lined with crimson or purple plush, according to taste; it is handsomely decorated on the outside with gilt scroll-work, upon a ground of bright red or pale green. The Portland Pony sleigh is made on the same principle as the Portland Cutler, and is the lightest sleigh capable of carrying four persons.

#### CURIOUS AND INTERESTING.

BROAD STREET, Philadelphia, is eleven miles and a-half long, in one straight line, and 115 feet wide, extending from League Island, on the Delaware River, to the northern boundary of the present city limits.

SOME curious statistics have been given by a French writer about the use of narcotics. Among nine hundred and ninety millions of men tobacco is used; opium among four hundred millions; hashish and hemp among three hundred millions; betel among one hundred millions; and cocoa among ten millions.

DUMAS SENIOR, we are told, is writing a theatrical piece for the female *Mazppa*, with whom his name and his photograph have been coupled more freely and easily than should have been those of an author who has not thought himself unworthy of academic honors—as one who has disseminated the facts of French history in his romances.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER describes the mode which Abyssinian ladies use to perfume themselves, as follows:

The women have a peculiar method of scenting their bodies and clothes by an operation that is considered to be one of the necessities of life, and which is repeated at regular intervals. In the floor of the tent, or hut, as it may chance to be, a small hole is excavated sufficiently large to contain a common-sized champagne bottle; a fire of charcoal, or of simply glowing embers, is made within the hole, into which the woman about to be scented throws a handful of various drugs; she then takes off the cloth or top which forms her dress, and crouches naked over the fumes, while she arranges her robe to fall as a mantle from her neck to the ground like a tent. When this arrangement is concluded she is perfectly happy, as none of the precious fumes can escape, all being retained beneath the robe, precisely as if she wore a criolette with an incense-burner beneath it which would be a far more simple way of performing the operation. She now begins to breathe freely in the hot-air bath, and the pores of the skin being thus opened and moist, the volatile oil from the smoke of the burning perfumes is immediately absorbed.

A Most Suitable Holiday Present for a smoker is undoubtedly a genuine Meerschaum, which Messrs. Pollak & Son, sell at manufacturers' price at their stores: 27 John, near Nassau, and 692 and 693 Broadway, near Fourth street. Also, Repairing, Belling and Amber-work done. Send for Circular to Letter-box 5,646. 637-40

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"On the right onward,  
In the Valley of Death,  
Rode the Six Hundred."

But larger, by hundreds multiplied into millions, than the doomed band who rode to swift destruction in Tennyson's poem, is the great cavalcade of unhappy men who are rushing to untimely graves, followed by the gaunt spectre Dyspepsia. This is all wrong, and should cease. Plantation Bitters, the great Stomachic Pkin Killer, cures Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Headache, Vertigo, Dullness, and all symptoms of kindred character, as if by magic. For Languor, Lassitude, Great Weakness and Mental Depression, they have a most wonderful effect.

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Mr. Leslie has recently imported from Italy a quantity of admirable pictures in oil, on canvas, of great merit, and such as from their size and remarkable finish could not be purchased for less than from seventy-five to three hundred dollars each, which he proposes to give to subscribers on the terms stated below. These beautiful pictures in any saloon or parlor would not suffer by comparison with the finest oil paintings. The subjects are as follows:



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II.—"THE PROMISED BRIDE," a beautiful view on Lake Maggiore, with the Bridal Party in the foreground. Size, 8½ by 13½ inches.

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III.—"BREAD AND TEARS; OR, THE LACE-MAKER." An elaborate and highly-finished interior. Size, 18½ by 21½ inches.

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IV.—"THE FALCONER AND HIS BRIDE," by Cremona; a magnificent picture, 21 by 28 inches.

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II.—Any one sending to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York, five subscriptions as above to any one of the Publications, or five in all, some to one, some to another, will be entitled to a copy of the elegant Picture in Oil, No. III., "BREAD AND TEARS."

III.—Any one sending to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York, ten subscriptions, as above, will receive a copy of Picture No. IV., the highly-finished and brilliant "FALCONER AND HIS BRIDE."

Where several unite to form a club, they may decide by lot on the owner of the picture.

Where any one by his own exertions gets up a club, he may fairly retain the picture.

To facilitate efforts to get up clubs, we will send the picture, "BREAD AND TEARS," to any one engaged in getting up a club of five for the LADY'S MAGAZINE or the papers, on his forwarding to us the amount of three subscriptions; then the five copies ordered will be sent as soon as the balance is received.

To any one sending five subscriptions, and so requesting, we will in like manner send "THE FALCONER AND HIS BRIDE," and on receipt of the remaining five subscriptions, will commence sending the Magazine or the papers ordered.

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